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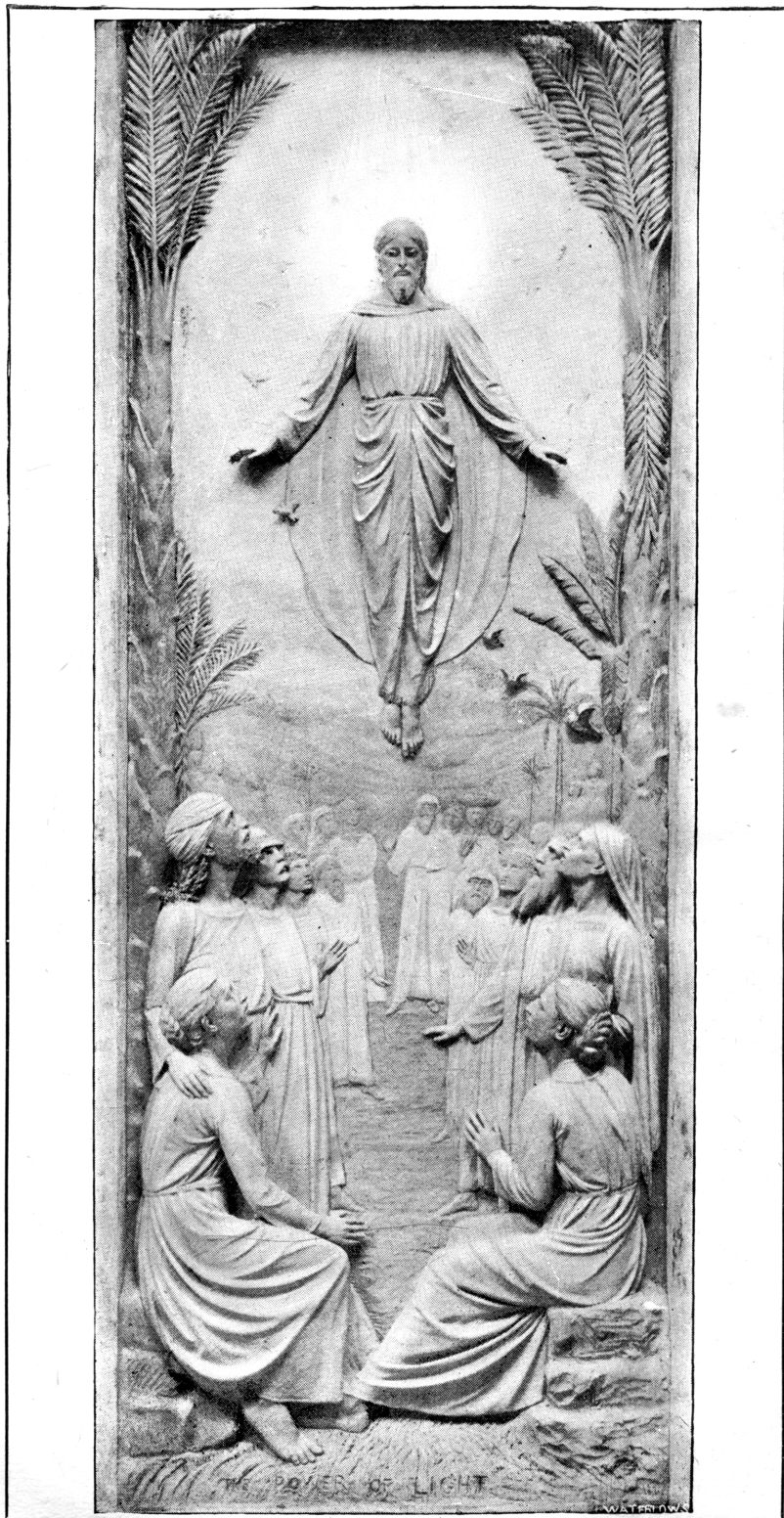
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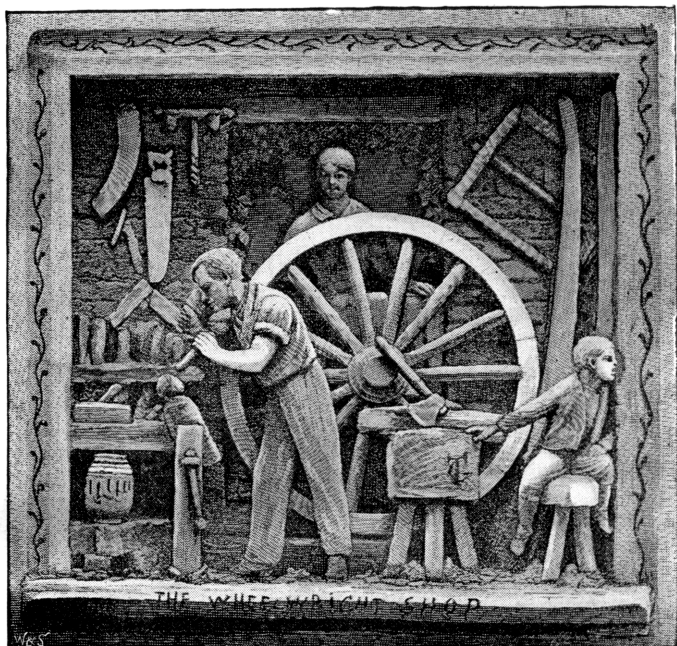




THE POWER OF LIGHT.

## George Tinworth and his Work.

BY EDWARD SALMON.



THE WHEELWRIGHT'S SHOP.  
(With Portrait of Mr. Tinworth when a boy.)



ALEXANDER POPE has recorded of himself that he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came. That is to say, he wrote poetry because he could not help it. In the same way, the subject of this sketch, Mr. George Tinworth, whose work in terra-cotta is now, we may safely say, world famous, is an artist because he came into existence one. Like the poet, the true artist must be born; he cannot be made. Being born, his genius will not fail to assert itself against time and all obstacles. A better instance of this truism could not be found than Mr. Tinworth. If his becoming an artist had depended on his early education, he would never have been what he is to-day. Born in a poor neighbourhood, of poor parents, without a relative or friend of artistic sympathy or inclination, it is, we think, one of the most extraordinary facts in Nature, and one of the

most remarkable proofs forthcoming of the superiority of spirit over matter, of mind over body, that he should from the first have been a sculptor. There was no external inducement to him to become an artist; there was, indeed, every inducement to him to become anything but an artist. But art was part of his nature; it was irrepressible, irresistible; and, like a beautiful flower in a weed-grown garden, a veritable product of mother earth, absolutely untended by man, it sprung into existence, until one day the gardener had it brought before him, and fostered it with a loving care due to a perfect perception of the treasure he had found.

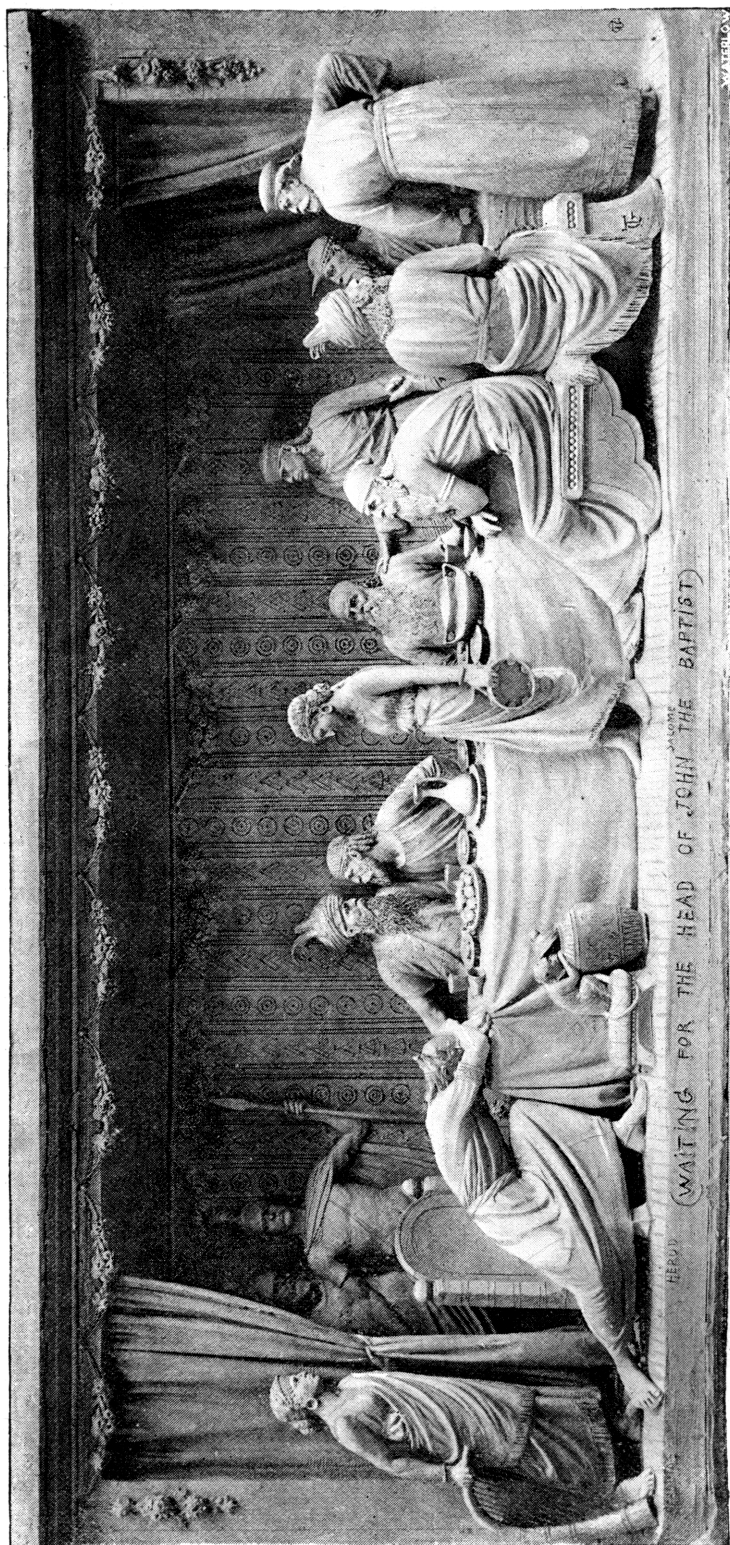
One glance at the pictures which accompany this paper will convey to those of our readers who may never have had an opportunity of examining Mr. Tinworth's work some notion of its excellence from whatever point of view we may look at it. It is almost incredible that Mr. Tinworth is

an absolutely self-educated and self-made man. There is that indefinable something about his work—a blend of culture, genius, assimilation of ideas—which suggests that he must have been born into an art atmosphere, must have inherited artistic faculties, and have received constant encouragement from his friends in his attempts to body forth the forms of things. Precisely the opposite is the truth. George Tinworth first saw the light on the 5th of November, 1843, having been born near Camberwell Gate, Walworth. His father was a wheelwright, doing indifferent business in that busy, overcrowded, uninviting, and then, even more than now, dreary part of the great metropolis. George Tinworth was intended by his parents for the calling in which his father did little good for himself, and in the uncongenial surroundings of the wheelwright's shop he spent his early days. It would be interesting, if it were possible to trace it, to know what created the feverish desire which as a small boy he exhibited to become a sculptor. The first things he ever succeeded in cutting out—without, be it remembered, any sort of hint as to the technique of the subject—were some wooden butter stamps. He also carved small wooden figures. Mr. Tinworth's reminiscences of his boyhood are naturally deeply interesting. One incident in it is illustrated in a picture which Mr. Tinworth has himself modelled, and which is reproduced at the head of this article. It shows the wheelwright's shop, and the lad standing at a vice, carving a figure out of a block of wood with hammer and chisel. At the window a small boy keeps watch for the return of Mr. Tinworth, senior, who may be back at any minute. Directly the signal is given, the figure is hidden out of sight and the work of the shop is resumed. On occasions the small boy turned traitor, and failed to report the father's approach, in which case the aspirant sculptor would get into serious trouble. "In the eyes of the elder Mr. Tinworth," says Mr. Edmund Gosse, with unusual accuracy, "such trifling as this was mere wicked waste of time that ought to be better spent in tinkering up a costermonger's broken cart." Once young Tinworth commenced carving a head with a nail and stone, for the amusement of himself and some other boys, on a poor woman's doorstep. He set to work on the hard stone, and had made considerable progress with the head when the woman

appeared. The boys all bolted, and though the good soul, who perhaps recognised the lad's ability, called out to him to come back and finish it, he refused to be persuaded that his doorstep decoration was sufficiently appreciated to save him from a wiggling.

In 1861, when Mr. Tinworth was eighteen, he heard of a school of fine art in Lambeth, and immediately turned his thoughts to becoming a pupil. The school was then under the direction of Mr. J. Sparkes, one of the ablest art instructors, probably, who ever lived. Attracted to the school as by a magnet, young Tinworth used to go with a friend to have a look at the place. He found it difficult to muster up courage to enter, but one night luck favoured him. He carried with him a small head of Handel, and met Mr. Sparkes at the door. One can imagine the trembling hand which held out the little figure, carved with a hammer and chisel from a piece of sandstone, for the great man to examine. Mr. Sparkes recognised the subject. "Oh, Handel," he said. The boy was delighted, and only later remembered that he had scratched Handel's name on it, which Mr. Sparkes had noticed. The lad was invited in, and Mr. Sparkes was quick to detect the stuff of which he was made. For some years Tinworth was a pupil at the Lambeth Schools, his progress being very rapid. Mr. Gosse has credited him with working all night sometimes, but this, he assures us, he never did. In 1864 he was admitted to the schools of the Royal Academy, a model of "Hercules," executed under the direction of Mr. Sparkes, having paved the way. The next year he won a silver medal, and was congratulated by Sir William Boxall for a life study. In 1867 he secured the first silver medal in the Life School. Meanwhile he had become an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. In 1866 he sent in a group of figures called "Peace and Wrath in Low Life." It depicted a scene common enough in slum life. Two street arabs were engaged in a stiff fight; two little girls were interfering, and a dog barked in huge delight at the battle.

The bare record of Mr. Tinworth's work might leave the impression that life at this period had begun to grow brighter for him. So far, however, his studies had been a luxury pure and simple. No sort of opening occurred in which he could utilise his peculiar talents. He had mastered his art, and he had broken down the opposi-

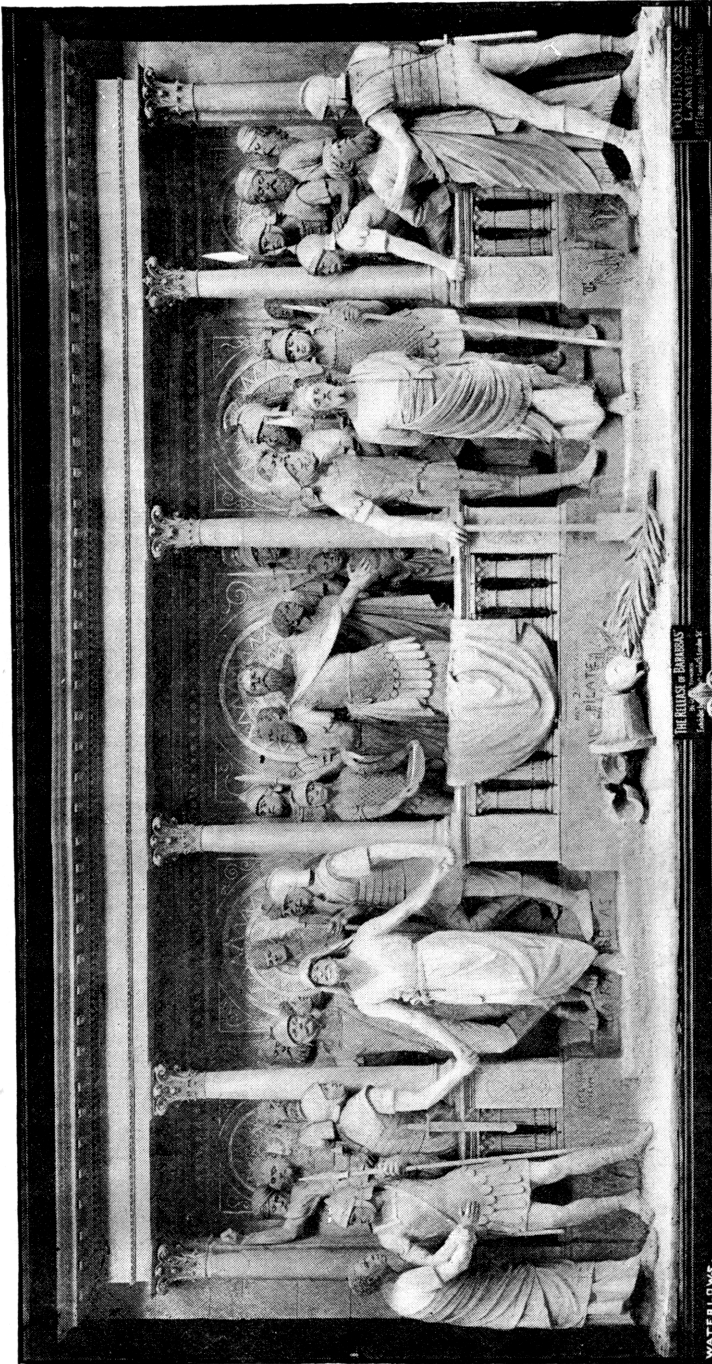


WAITING FOR THE HEAD OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

tion of his father ; but he was still a wheelwright. About this time his father died, and the young doctor of broken-down vehicles, as we may call him, in order to support his mother had to work still harder at a trade which grew more and more distasteful. He made a bare thirty shillings a week, and modest as were his requirements it would have been strange if more congenial employment could not be found to yield him as much.

Mr. Sparkes, ever his good friend, kept a sharp lookout for an opportunity of enabling him to change his vocation. The opportunity came at last in the revival of art manufactures, which took place in England as the result of the Paris Exhibition of 1867. Amongst those who profited most by the revival was Mr. (now Sir) Henry Doulton. To send his pottery forth to the world as something more than mere earthenware was his object, and Mr. Sparkes rightly concluded that the man to assist Mr. Doulton was his young pupil. Mr. Doulton gladly gave him thirty shillings a week to start with. After touching up pottery moulds for a time, Tinworth was allowed to exercise his powers of





notice of Mr. Ruskin, who has been among Tinworth's warmest admirers. In 1869 Mr. Tinworth completed the fountain designed by his master, which visitors to Kennington Park will know; a little later he executed the Amazon Vase, now in Fairmont Park, Philadelphia; and in 1871 he planned a handsome salt-cellar for Mr. Doulton, on the sides of which were pictured four scenes from the last hours of Christ.

It would be tedious, if it were not well-nigh impossible, to give anything like a detailed account of the many hundreds of admirable scenes which Mr. Tinworth has executed in terracotta, sometimes wholly, sometimes partly in relief, sometimes inches in depth and width, sometimes feet. The work by which he has become famous has been nearly all Biblical. His sculpture in the Academy in 1874-5-6 was sufficiently remarkable in treatment to make people anxious to secure specimens of his genius. In particular, Mr. Ruskin became as strongly convinced of his genius as he is of Turner's, and whilst Mr. Ruskin was not slow to tell the world what he thought of Mr. Tinworth, the late

invention by modelling filters. He also copied some ancient Greek and Sicilian coins, executing them in terra cotta many times their original size. It was some of these medallions which first attracted the

Mr. G. E. Street, R.A., the architect of the Strand Law Courts, determined if possible to utilise his peculiar powers. Mr. Street was engaged upon York Minster and the Military Chapel in Birdcage-walk, and

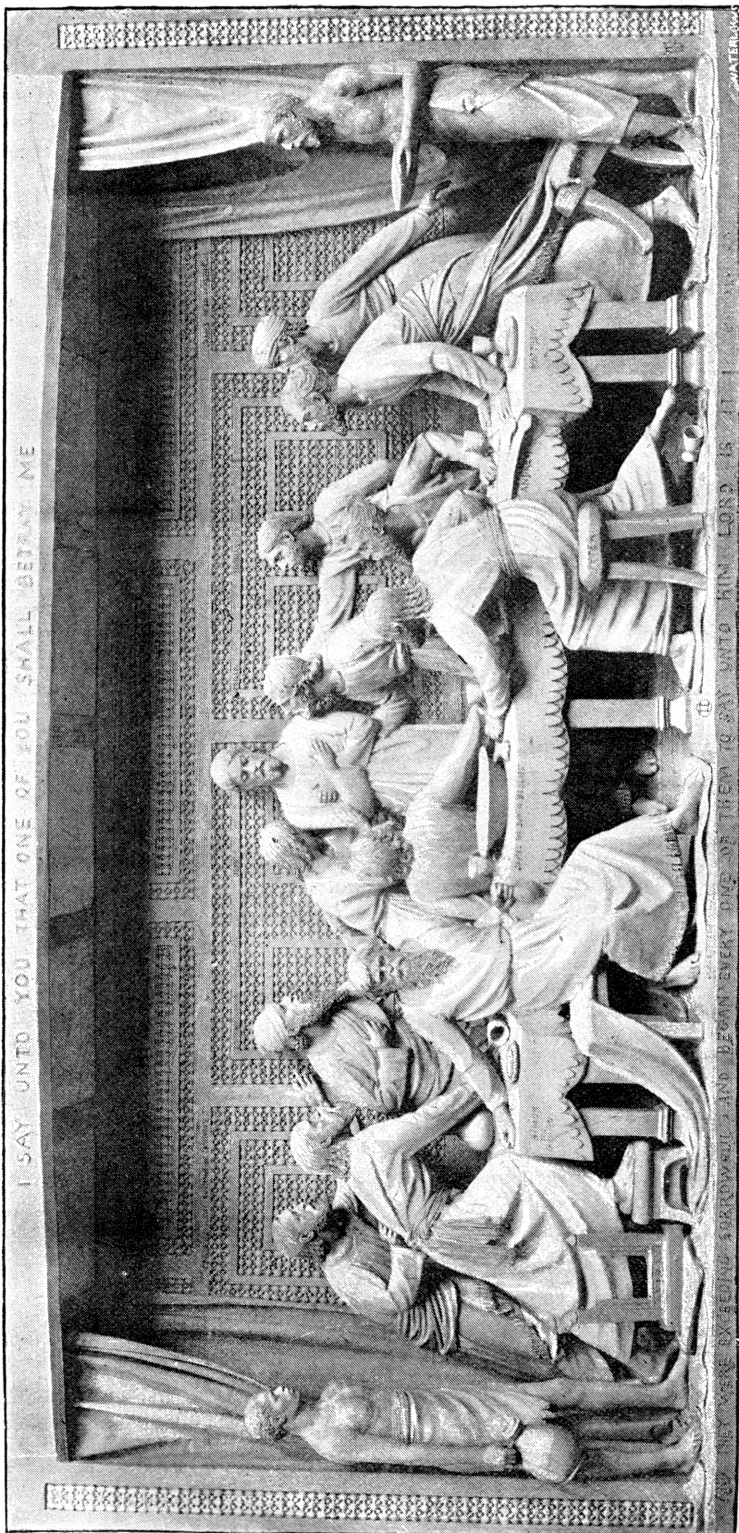


THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

having secured from Messrs. Doulton a terra-cotta of a tint to suit his purpose, Mr. Street gave, or got, Mr. Tinworth

commissions to execute a reredos for York Minster, and twenty-eight semicircular terra-cotta panels which anyone may see in the Military Chapel. This was some fifteen years ago, and may be regarded as confirming Mr. Tinworth in the line of art he has since exploited to such advantage. Where his work has all gone he does not know himself. It is scattered over the face of the globe. In addition to those panels just mentioned, "Gethsemane," "The Foot of the Cross," and "The Descent from the Cross" are to be found in the Edinburgh Museum; "The Brazen Serpent" and a second panel of "The Descent from the Cross" are in Sandringham Church; "The Last Supper" is in Waltham-le-Willows Church; "Touch Me Not" is in Tisbury Church, near Salisbury; "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes" is in Bengoe Church, Hertford; "Christ Before Herod," a panel some 20 ft. by 10 ft., worth travelling far to see, is in Messrs. Doulton's show room at Lambeth; "The Ascension" is in St. Mary Magdalene's at Upper Tooting; whilst panels for the reredos and font of the English Church, built by Sir A.W. Blomfield at Copenhagen; panels of "Temptation," "Faith," "Darkness," and "Light" forming the memorial to the late Mr. Bromley-Davenport at Capesthorpe,

Cheshire; a portrait panel of Lord Shaftesbury in the Shaftesbury Institute, and another of Mr. Samuel Morley in the Morley

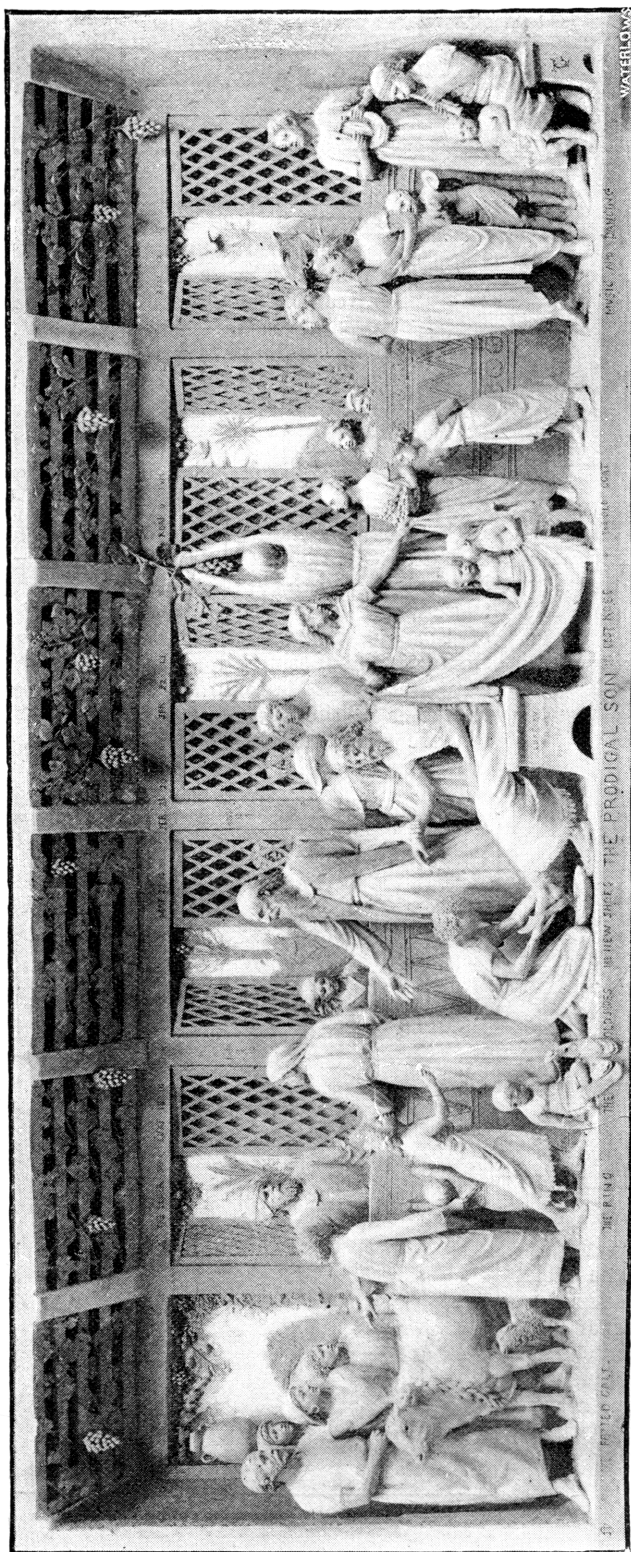


Memorial College, are all evidence of the wide demand which in recent years has been made on Mr. Tinworth's ability. A mere list of the names and homes of his works would fill many pages of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*. It is gratifying to know that they are as highly appreciated abroad as at home. He was given bronze medals in Vienna in 1873 and in America in 1876, a silver medal and decoration in Paris in 1878, and a gold medal at Nice in 1884. Also decorated by the French Government for his exhibit in the 1878 Exhibition.

Mr. Tinworth's panels constitute what has been aptly called "The Bible in Sculpture." From the plucking of the apple by Eve right away through the sacred volume to the last days of Jesus on earth, few important incidents have escaped his hand. The story he has to tell is that of Holy Writ. His religious predilection, unlike his artistic, is easy to account for. His mother belonged to a strict Nonconformist sect, and taught her boy his Bible almost as she taught him to speak. He knew every chapter thoroughly, long before he contemplated attempting to

THE LAST SUPPER.





convey to others his conception of what it was all about. Tinworth's success with the Bible justifies a wonder and, perhaps, even a regret that he has not tried his hand at, say, some of the scenes in Shakespeare. He has, we believe, only once essayed a subject of importance not Biblical, namely, "The Sons of Cydippe," suggested by a poem of Mr. Gosse's. The artist seems to have little sympathy with scenes outside Scripture, and no doubt Mr. Gosse is correct when he says that, as Mrs. Tinworth trained her son to look upon all other literature as dross, so "to this day the Bible remains the only book which he reads without indifference."

If we might make a choice where all are so admirable, we should be inclined to pronounce Mr. Tinworth's treatment of subjects from the New Testament as pre-eminently his triumph. He does in sculpture for the story of Christ what is done every ten years on the boards in the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. Mr. Tinworth is an evangelist in art. Just as the Passion Play is intended to point the moral of the wondrous narrative of the Saviour's sojourn on earth, so Mr. Tinworth freely admits that he forgets his art in his regard for the story he has to tell. The highest compliment we can pay him in all sincerity is to confess that he makes most of us forget it also.

Let us take the half-dozen panels which we reproduce. They are like pictures of living beings. "Waiting for the Head of John the Baptist" is a presentment of a tragic instance of woman's unrighteous influence such as few men could give us. On the left of the picture stands Herodias, cruel, hard, revengeful, who





TUG OF WAR.

has just bidden her daughter ask for the head of John the Baptist. Herod had taken an oath to give her whatever she demands, little expecting that it would be this, and



CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

we see him plunged in an agony of grief, his face buried in his arms on the table. Around are guests, whose countenances—handsome, lifelike—are full of anxious curiosity. One needs only to note their expression to realise that the moment is one of pain and shame. Again, a very indifferent acquaintance with the circumstances of the judgment of Pilate is necessary to enable us to grasp the full significance of "The Release of Barabbas."

In the centre stands Pilate, who has appealed to the multitude to make a choice between Barabbas and Christ. The scoffer to-day describes the event as the first popular election, and in the selection of the Son of God for punishment, and the release of the sinner, finds one of his texts for arguments against universal suffrage. Contemplation of this picture is enough to induce one to believe the scoffer is right. The smile of triumph on the face of Barabbas, and the beautiful resignation of Christ—note the head thrown slightly back in noble dignity, the eyes slightly closed in pained consciousness of a great misjudgment—are realism itself.

If that populace had reversed their verdict, and Christ had been freed, whilst Barabbas had been led forth captive and condemned, there would have been no calm acceptance of the judgment on the one hand, nor sinister smile of triumph on the other. If any among us fails to understand the character of the God-Man doomed to die to save souls, let him look into the face presented to us in "The Good Shepherd,"



"G. T.—HIS MUG."

and in the central figure of "The Power of Light." Mr. Tinworth makes the ideal so real for us, that what has been, perhaps, mostly a tradition, becomes entirely a living fact. Whether it is Christ mocked at before Herod, or present at the Last Supper, declaring that one of the Apostles shall betray Him, or blessing the little children, Mr. Tinworth's conception of Him is, as we have said, so perfect in its art, that it never occurs to us to inquire whether he is right in this technical detail or that: we think only of the beautiful and pathetic story. "The Prodigal Son" illustrates one of the most striking parables by which Christ enforced His teaching.

Like most geniuses, Mr. Tinworth allows himself moments of relaxation. He possesses a vein of humour not less pronounced at times than his power of treating the grandest subjects. He seems very conscious of the truth of the adage that the ridiculous and the sublime are never far apart, and even in so pathetic a picture as "Waiting for the Head of John the Baptist," it will be seen he has introduced a monkey, whose action forms a relief to the sombre features of the picture. In a panel of "Daniel in the Lions' Den" a young lion stands on his hind legs to read something on the wall. It is Psalm xci. which says, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot." The young lion's concern is explicable immediately, and even Daniel's peril for the moment cannot prevent a smile from the spectator. As a rule, however, Mr.

Tinworth's humour has found vent in the devising of small ornaments. He has shown considerable partiality for mice and frogs.

In a characteristic piece, "The Tug of War," which we illustrate, the mice and frogs are striving hard for the mastery. No doubt a good many of our readers have in their homes a little boatload of mice in Doulton ware, called "Cockneys at Brighton," in which some half-dozen mice are indulging in the favourite pastime of the Cockney at the seaside. One plays a concertina in the stern of the boat, and another in the bows hangs his head over the side in a dreadfully bilious manner. It is unpleasant to have to record that the mice have exhibited an utter want of grati-

tude for the immortality conferred upon them. Some of them recently ate away a portion of Mr. Tinworth's nether garments, and having declared war not only against the frogs but against the man who was equally fond of both, Mr. Tinworth has felt himself compelled to buy a mouse-trap,

in which many of them play the parts of criminals instead of holiday-makers. A mug in Doulton ware contains a profile of Mr. Tinworth, which he facetiously describes as "G. T., his mug." In Henry VIII. he modelled in miniature, "A man who found marriage a failure, and liked it to be so." "Cupid Sharpening his Arrows" is a characteristic little piece. Mr. Pickwick has also taken Mr. Tinworth's fancy, and a complete set of *Æsop's Fables* is

among his less pretentious work.

Incomplete as this account of Mr. Tinworth's work must necessarily be, enough



MARRIAGE A FAILURE.



CUPID SHARPENING HIS ARROWS.

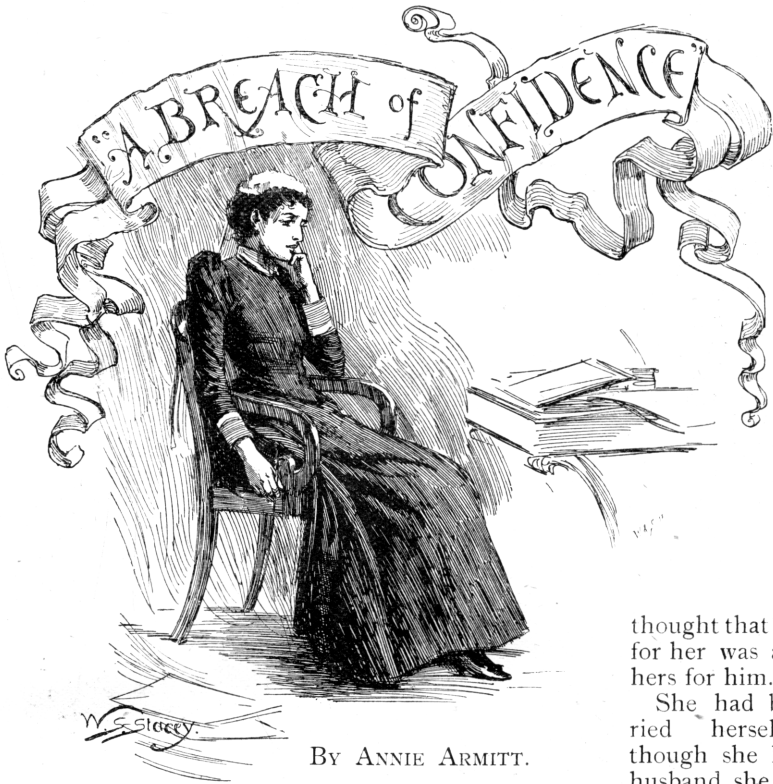
has been said to explain why it is that he has won the praise of, and made friends among, the greatest of artists and art commentators and critics. Mr. Ruskin puts the matter with his usual brilliancy and force when he says : "After all the labours of past art on the life of Christ, here is an English workman fastening, with more decision than I recollect in any of them, on the gist of the sin of the Jews and their rulers, in the choice of Barabbas, and making the physical fact of contrast between the man released and the man condemned clearly visible. We must receive it, I suppose, as a flash of really prophetic intelligence on the question of universal suffrage." Working away in the studio which Messrs. Doulton have provided for him at the top of their premises in Lambeth,—where he is shown in our

illustration engaged on a sketch model of the late Professor Fawcett,—he gets many an inspiration. Ever since Christ disappeared from the world, artists with palette and brush, or mallet and chisel, or moist clay, have sought to embody the events of the age in which He lived. To none has it been given to present pictures of the actors and actresses of that momentous time more living and vivid than those of Mr. Tinworth ; whilst the elucidation of the story of Holy Writ in its fulness is certainly assisted by a study of Mr. Tinworth's work.

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MR. TINWORTH IN HIS STUDIO.



BY ANNIE ARMITT.

I.



HE sat with her pen in her hand, but she could not write. Her heart was full of a story that she had heard recently and could not forget; the story of a woman who had been happier than herself, and yet more miserable. She stared at the blank paper before her instead of writing, and she said to herself: "Why are all the chances in life given to those who are not fit to use them? If such a love had been mine once I would never have let it go. There is no price that I would not have paid to keep it; and she—she threw it away for vanity!"

The story was very real to her, because she loved the man who had told it, and yet she had taken the telling of it to mean that the true history of his life was over, and that he had no love left to give again. The confidence he had reposed in her had been a compliment to her friendship, but a destruction of all her hopes of happiness. Before that confidence was made she had

thought that his feeling for her was as deep as hers for him.

She had been married herself; but, though she had had a husband, she had never

known a true love. Her marriage had been a sacrifice, made when she was very young, and when she acted almost entirely under the influence of a selfish mother. Her husband proved selfish, too, and—which was worse in her mother's eyes—not so prosperous as had been imagined. Eleanor's life had been a hard one always, and now she was left alone in the world, except for the little two years' old baby. It was an ailing creature, fretful, and not pretty; but it was something to hold in her arms, if not enough to fill her heart. She loved it the more passionately perhaps for its infirmities; but sometimes the loneliness of her life overpowered her like a flood of bitter waters; she wanted some mind to speak to, some heart to answer hers, some tenderness to lean upon and trust. She was yet but very young, only twenty-two years old, and all the currents of life beat strongly within her; all the imperative demands for love, for praise, for happiness, which make so large a part of our youth, were still alive in her heart, and would not easily be silenced.

Her income was insufficient for herself

and her delicate child ; she added to it in many little ways, as the opportunity was offered to her. She had written a few short stories for a particular magazine which could not afford to number famous authors among its contributors, and she had been paid for them. An accidental meeting with another occasional contributor had given her a friend ; and Ralph Webster was at that time, perhaps, the only person with whom she was on terms of familiar friendship, and to whom she could talk on a moral and intellectual level. His sympathies and aspirations were not unlike her own ; they always understood one another at least, even when they did not agree. To talk to him was, therefore, the opening of a new experience to her. Language had before—at least, spoken language—been only a vehicle for the management of affairs, the expression of desires, the receipt of information. Now it served to exchange thought, to bring two lives into close mental relation with one another, to console, to suggest, to sustain. And she had thought he loved her. He was a little more prosperous in the world than herself, and he did not guess that she was so very poor ; but he was not rich enough to make her feel that she would take much more than she gave if she became his wife. They would work together, as they lived together, and loved together. She had thought, with others,

"Our work shall still be better for our love,  
And still our love be sweeter for our work,  
And both commended, for the sake of each,  
By all true workers and true lovers born."

And then he had received an appointment to travel as special correspondent to a great paper, and he had come to say good-bye to her, and before saying good-bye had told her this story. She had taken

it for a final farewell. Since his going, three days before, she had thought of nothing else. She had work to do, but she could not do it. How could she throw herself into dream-loves and dream-troubles with this pain of loss and loneliness at her heart ? And yet the work was necessary, and she dared not delay it longer than that night.

She had, the day before, received back



"HE TOLD HER THIS STORY."

from her editor a story which she had hoped he would accept, with the intimation that if she would write him one half as long, to be ready in two days, he would almost certainly take it, as he wished to fill up a corresponding gap in the next number of his magazine.

She urgently needed the money. Her baby, little Lorna, was paler and thinner even than usual ; the doctor whom she consulted said that the child needed country air. She had hoped to earn enough money to take it away for some weeks to a farmhouse, when she sent that story to the editor of the magazine. She must not lose the opportunity which he had offered in its place. She had thought of a plot—a foolish little commonplace affair—but she could not breathe any life into it. When she forced her thoughts into the necessary channel they flowed back again to another story. She saw Ralph Webster standing



before her ; she heard his voice again, telling her the simple tragedy of his life. How graphically he had told it, though not with many words ! She could fill in the details for herself. It was a story of true and patient love, and of shameful faithlessness and falsehood ; a story in which the wrong-doer pitied herself and fancied herself a victim, while she accepted her husband's sacrifice and spoilt his life. She had been cruel to him with the cruelty which demands everything, and gives less than nothing in return.

"And yet," said Ralph, when he told the story—he had never repeated it to any before—"I never ceased to love her while she lived ; and when she died the world seemed empty to me. I suppose it was only this, that I could never take back what I had once given."

There was not much in the story itself, but it held Eleanor's thoughts fast, and would not let them go ; because the love that had been so scorned and wasted would have made the happiness of her life. She must write her tale, but how ? She could not cast into its foolish incidents the burning thoughts that possessed her ; these were all woven about another thread. And while she still thought, her child cried, and she had to leave her work to soothe it. She lay down on the bed beside it, and fell asleep. She awoke in the dead of the night. The anxious thought which watches ever beside the pillow of the unhappy leaped at once to its place in her mind, giving her no respite. "You must write your story," it said. She got up with the resolution of despair, and went back to the table. "I will write *this*," she said, "and have done with it."

There was no difficulty now. The facts in her mind ranged themselves instantly into dramatic shape ; living words, words that throbbed with her own love, and pain, and regret, and longing, shaped themselves into eager thought.

"When vain desire at last and vain regret,  
Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain."

That was the burden of the writing, and it was a very old one ; but it seemed new now, because she wrote it with all her heart. When dawn broke she had eased herself of the phantom that had haunted her,

and was free. How strange it is, this relief that comes to some of us after we have put into words the thoughts that torment us ! She was free now, and she wrote the other story—her tale for the magazine ; but she knew that it was a miserable affair.

Lorna was worse that morning. Her mother took her into her arms and looked into her suffering face. "If I keep her here she will leave me too," she said to herself. "I shall have nothing left."

She wrapped up her manuscript and took it herself to the editor. She wanted to bring his answer back. He was, in fact, waiting for the story to go on printing, and he was willing to look at it at once. She sat and watched him as he did so, with very little hope in her face. He read it carefully at first, then he turned over the pages rapidly, and finally put the manuscript down.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but it won't do. It isn't up to your usual level. I would make it do if I could, but—it isn't possible."

"I knew," she said, "it wouldn't."

He looked at her in surprise, for she was unfolding another roll of manuscript.



"THIS CAN GO TO PRESS AT ONCE."

"If you will look at this," she said, "you won't say the same."

He took the paper and began to read casually; then he became interested. He read to the end without speaking; when he had finished he rang the bell and gave the manuscript to the young man who answered his summons. "This can go to press at once," he said; "you have had the necessary directions already."

Eleanor half rose to her feet, and then sat down again. She did not utter a word.

"You have never done anything so good," said the editor; "it is an unpleasant subject, but you have treated it cleverly, very cleverly."

"I shall never do anything so good again," was her strange answer. "I knew you would take it. Would you mind paying me for it *now*? For I must go into the country to-morrow."

He gave her the cheque she asked for, and she took Lorna away next day.

A month after she saw Ralph Webster again. He had returned unexpectedly, and he sought her out at South-sea, where she

was living with her baby. But they did not meet as friends; she saw him with a shock of surprise, and he looked at her as she had never seen him look before.

"Mrs. Wakefield," he said, "I have no right to follow you here, but I came to ask you a single question."

She understood the situation at once, and was ready. "I will answer any question that you like to ask," she said.

He had a magazine in his fingers, and he opened it at a page that she well knew. Were not the title letters of it, the whole aspect of it, burnt into her brain? They were part of the crime that she felt she had committed.

"There is a story here," he said, "that occupies a very prominent place. It is

called 'Hand in Hand to Death.' I think that you wrote it."

"Yes," said Eleanor, in a low voice; "I wrote it."

"There is no one in the world, except you and myself, that knows the whole of that story. I told it to you because I intended, the next time I saw you, to ask you to be my wife. I wanted you to have time to think of it first. You might not have liked me so well after knowing it."

She folded her child closer in her arms, and bent over it, that he might not see her face.

"I need not speak to you of such a subject now. I know how much you value my esteem—my confidence. You have sold my trouble to the world. I suppose you sold it?"

"Yes," said Eleanor, in a still, strange voice; "I was paid eight pounds for it." She was remembering that she had changed the first sovereign to purchase her railway ticket, and that she had calculated how many weeks it would keep her in the country.

"I knew that a woman I loved might despise me," said Ralph; "but I could not guess that a woman I trusted would betray me—for money."

She did not answer him anything. There was that in his tone which made her not care to defend herself. She had injured him in a deadly and cruel manner. Let him say to her what he would. But he said no more; he lifted his hat and went.

## II.

A year after that found Ralph Webster a successful man. He had written a novel that hit the public taste; it was full of bitterness and scoffing; but the public liked such bitterness and scoffing, and bought the book.



"YES," SAID ELEANOR, IN A LOW VOICE, "I WROTE IT."

He wondered sometimes what had become of Eleanor Wakefield. There was no trace of her in her old lodgings, and the editor told him that she had sent him no more contributions. She had seemed to Ralph a noble woman, a woman whom he might love on an equal footing, with all trust and reverence, without pity or forbearance. And she had failed him strangely and meanly, so that the sting of her offence had not yet left him entirely; but it troubled him a little to remember that she had made no defence. This had put him in the wrong, and made him wonder what her defence could be.

It was in the dusk of evening that he stepped into a railway carriage, which had only one occupant. It was a third-class carriage, for he had not yet adopted the ways of a prosperous man. The lady who was seated at the farther end did not move at his entrance, and it was only when he had been in his place some minutes that something in her intense stillness attracted his attention. She had desired him to forget her presence, or not to notice it, but the effort defeated itself, and his first half-curious, half-unconscious glance at her made him rise and cross to her side.

"Mrs. Wakefield!" he said.

"Yes," she answered, "it is Mrs. Wakefield." Then she added, quietly, "I should like, if I may, to congratulate you on your great success."

"You may spare me your congratulations. My success is built on my great unhappiness. None should know that better than you."

"Is it not so with many people?" she asked, gently, ignoring his last remark. "But some are unhappy without success."

He looked at her more attentively. She was in mourning, and she was much changed. The passive attitude of her hands on her lap told him this, as well as the tone of her voice.

"You never followed up *your* success," he remarked. "Mr. Blakely told me that he expected great things of you."

She answered him nothing.

"Mrs. Wakefield," he went on, vaguely hurt by her silence, which tormented him with an impression of his own cruelty, "I want to apologise to you for what I said when we last met. It was too much."

"It was not too much. I have said more to myself before and since. And yet," she said, turning her eyes full upon him, "I do not ask you to forgive me, be-

cause I do not repent. I would do it again, if the past came back to me. It is right that you should know how evil I am. I do not repent. I would do it again. Yet I hate myself for doing it. Besides," she added, in a lower tone, which she could hardly have meant him to hear, "it spoils my happiness as well as yours."

"I do not understand," he said.

"Why should you understand?" she answered. "It does not matter."

The train was whirling on in the darkness. The noise of its rush, the flashing of lights in the city they were leaving, seemed to increase the solitude of these two, who were so near, yet so far apart; so much akin in spirit, and so hopelessly estranged.

"If it had been for fame," he said, "I could have understood the temptation better. It would have been a higher sort of temptation. But you did not even sign the story, and you have not republished it."

"I hoped," she said, "that it would be little read and soon forgotten. You had gone away for a long time. I thought that you would never see it. And no one else could ever guess where I got it from."

"You made it very clever," he replied. "I wonder, having gone so far, that you go no further."

"I shall never write again," she answered. "I have no motive. And what I did write has cost me too much."

He did not understand her; he had not known of her past poverty, nor of her recent loss. But he went on to say, "When I look at you it seems impossible to believe that you did such a thing without a reason. It may have seemed a little thing to you, but it was so much to me."

"I knew how much," she answered; "I knew all the meanness of what I did, the treachery of it, and that it would hurt you if you knew, but I thought that you would never know."

"And you did not love me," he added; but he was watching her keenly as he spoke.

Her eyes flashed upon him for a moment. "Oh," she said, "it was *because* I loved you that I could not help doing it. If I could have escaped from the memory of what you told me, and have thought of other things instead, it would never have been written. If only I could have forgotten you!"

He was startled and astonished. He caught her hands and then let them go again.



"I wish I could believe you," he said.

"You need not. Why should you?" she answered. "I have nothing left to give you. What is a love worth that helped me to betray you?"

"And are you still *glad* you did it?" He had taken her hands firmly now, that he might look into her eyes. There was no tenderness there, only a desperate heart-broken defiance.

"Am I glad of anything? Can I ever be glad of anything any more? It is only that I would do it again for the same reason. And yet I did not get the thing for which I paid such a heavy price."

"Will you tell me what the thing was?"

"It was only," she answered, "that I thought that treachery the price of my baby's life—and now my baby is dead."

She drew her hands away from his as she spoke. There had come into her eyes a grief that awed and restrained him. He could see that it had nothing to do with himself. Her tone was very quiet. It seemed to leave him at a great distance from her. For a moment he felt that he had got his answer, and could speak of love to her no more in the presence of such a

sorrow. Then his courage came back, and with it resolution. If he was sure enough of his own love for her he could not fail in the end to drive away both her sorrow and her remorse.

"I have been cruel to you," he said; "can you forgive me?"

"I?" she answered, tremulously; "how can I forgive you?"

"Because I have been a fool, and quarrelled with my own happiness." And then he added, speaking slowly, "The story was a part of your own life. You had a right to do what you wished with it. At least, you can make it a part of your life if you will be more generous to me than I was to you."

She let him take her hands again. She looked into his eyes searchingly. What she saw there seemed to satisfy her, for she answered irrelevantly, "Oh, I have been so lonely. To live in the world with nothing but myself and your contempt! You cannot guess what it was like."

"Will you live in the world with me and my love, and see if you like it better?"

She had been too long without happiness to fight against it now, and her answer ended his trouble and hers.



## *Lady Dufferin and the Women of India.*



THE National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India owes its origin to a wish on the part of Her Majesty the Queen-Emress to ameliorate the condition of the native women of India; and when Her Excellency, the Countess of Dufferin and Ava, before her departure for India, took leave of Her Majesty, the matter was discussed and left in Lady Dufferin's hands. To better hands it could not have been entrusted, and this noble lady adopted every means of ascertaining in what direction, and by what means, the wishes of Her Majesty could most effectually be carried out.

The universal want of skilled medical aid for native women, whom male physicians are not permitted to attend, presented itself as the desired avenue. The ablest statesman would have been appalled, and the most ardent philanthropist would have hesitated, before an undertaking so vast as one that had for its object the providing for the physical well-being of 100,000,000 women. Where was the wherewithal to come from, and how were the ignorance, superstition, and the prejudices of caste to be overcome? The "Where" and the "How" were carefully considered, formidable obstacles overcome, and the experiment made: how well it has succeeded I will try to show.

The National Association for Supplying

Medical Aid to the Women of India was founded in 1885. Her Majesty the Queen-Emress was its patron, the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors were vice-patrons. Life councillors, life members, and ordinary members were to be enrolled according to the amount of their donations. The general affairs of the Association were to be managed by a central committee, and efforts were to be made to establish branches throughout the country. The money subscribed to the National Association was to be called the "Countess of Dufferin's Fund."

Early in the year five and a half lakhs of rupees were invested as an endowment fund, and the society was registered. By permission of the Home Department of the Government of India, the Surgeon-General aids the society in the selection

of the most suitable women for medical services, and they are grouped as follows:—

(1) Lady doctors registered under the Medical Acts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or possessing such certificates as would entitle them to such registration.

(2) Female assistant surgeons.

(3) Female hospital assistants.

The women, receiving a little more pay than men, in the same grades in the Government Medical Services, because they will have no pension, nor a regularly increasing salary.

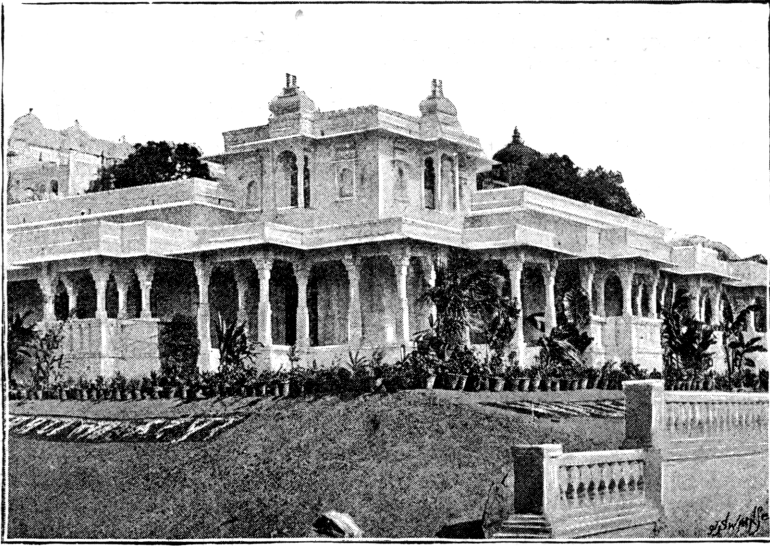
The lady doctors who are brought from England receive, in addition to their passage and an allowance for outfit, Rs. 300



*From a Photo. by Bourne]*

LADY DUFFERIN.

*[Ed Shepherd, Calcutta.]*



[From a Phototype by]

THE WALTER HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN, OODEYPORE.

[R. Hotz, Calcutta.]

these two young ladies — one of whom is a Parsee — to England to complete their medical education.

Over twelve lakhs of rupees have been spent in the erection of buildings especially adapted for affording medical relief to native women. The number of women who received medical aid during the year 1890 were 411,000. The princes and chiefs of India from the

per month, with quarters, and they are allowed to have a private practice as well. The Association was to be unsectarian, catholic, and universal. Its aim was—

Firstly.—To provide medical tuition for native female students.

Secondly.—Medical relief, by establishing female hospitals and dispensaries, and the placing of lady doctors in different towns or districts.

Thirdly.—Supplying trained nurses and *accoucheuses* for women and children in hospitals and private houses.

How nobly—in spite of opposition and jealousy—the Association is steadily advancing will be seen from the following:—

There are thirteen lady doctors, twenty-seven assistant surgeons and female medical practitioners, now working in connection with the fund, and 204 pupils studying at the medical colleges, and schools, in India. Boarding houses have also been established for the students, where, under a lady, they can be trained in habits of self-respect, gentleness, and dignity, and where they can be safely protected on their entrance into a comparatively public life, from one of convent-like seclusion. That the female medical students are doing well is conclusively proved by the reports. At Hyderabad, Dr. Lawrie says: "Two of the lady students beat the whole of the male students, and secured the first places in their class at the half-yearly competitive examination."

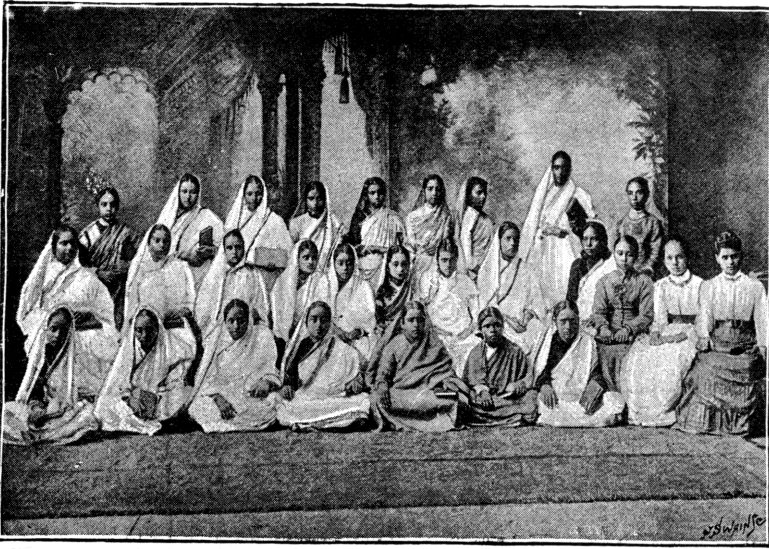
The Nizam's Government is sending

first, fully recognised the value of Lady Dufferin's noble work, and have warmly supported it. Among the most munificent donors are the Maharaja of Jeypore, the Nizam of Hyderabad, and the Maharaja of Ulwar. In 1886 the Begum of Bhopal opened a female dispensary and school, and the Nizam of Hyderabad founded six scholarships and started female medical classes in his State.

In 1888 the Dufferin Hospital at Nagpur was opened, having cost Rs. 30,000, all subscribed by Indian nobles; there is also the Walter Hospital at Oodeypore, the Lady Lyall boarding-house for students attending the Lahore Medical College, towards which the Maharaja of Kashmir gave Rs. 50,000; the Victoria Hospital at Kotah, the Lady Dufferin Hospital at Patiala, the Maternity Hospital at Agra, the Ishwari Hospital at Benares, and the Lady Dufferin Zenana Hospital at Calcutta.

It is impossible for Englishwomen to realise the condition and sufferings of their unhappy sisters in India before Lady Dufferin started her grand crusade on their behalf; the thousands of lives yearly sacrificed, the wholesale murder of infants, and the lifelong injuries inflicted on the mothers—who are little more than infants themselves—through the ignorance and the inhuman practices of the *dhais* (*accoucheuses*).

Lady Dufferin, when giving me a brief account of her work, was anxious that I should mention the earlier efforts of the



From a Phototype by]

STUDENTS AT THE CAMPBELL MEDICAL HALL, CALCUTTA.

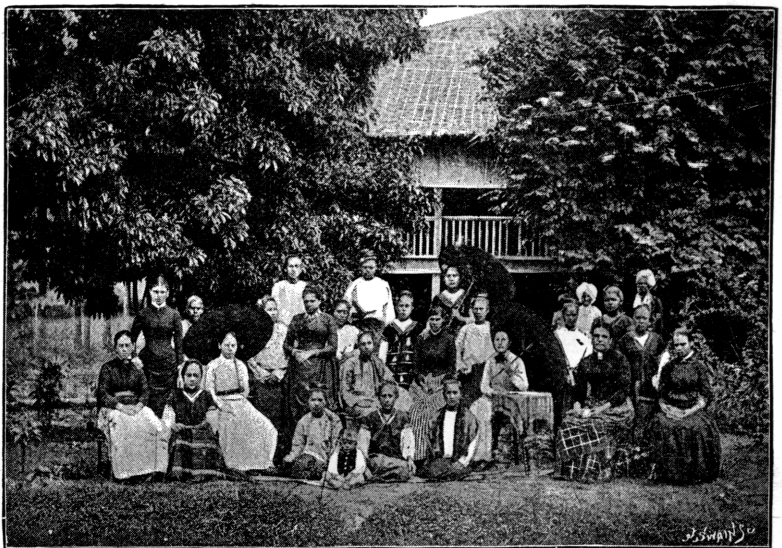
[R. Holz, Calcutta.

Zenana Mission, which, she said, "paved the way for the National Association." Instead of weakening and opposing existing charities and societies, the Association has been instrumental in assisting and stimulating them, and supplying a common centre of reference and communication.

Lady Reay, during her residence in Bombay, rendered valuable aid in promoting the means of giving female medical aid to the native women; her sympathy and philanthropic activity were unceasing, and productive of good results. The marvellous increase of special hospitals for women, of women's and of children's wards, is mostly due to native liberality. Lady Reay in 1890 laid the foundation-stone of the "Awabai Bhownaggee Home for Nurses." This institution — the first of its kind in India — was intended as a home where native nurses could receive instruc-

tion in their duties. It was erected from a joint fund set apart by Government and Mr. M. M. Bhownaggee, C.I.E., in memory of his sister, Miss Awabai Bhownaggee, a beautiful and accomplished Parsee lady, greatly esteemed and much beloved in the highest and most select circles in Europe, as well as in her own country. Her sudden death at the age of nine-

teen was regarded as a national loss. Her charming vivacity and high intellectual gifts made her a universal favourite. During her last visit to England, in 1866, she was received by Her Majesty the Queen. The Home, which cost Rs. 30,000, half of which was contributed by Mr. M. M. Bhownaggee, was formally opened by His Excellency Lord Harris, on February 17, 1891, and contains accommodation for twenty nurses. The sanitation and ventilation are perfect; sepa-



From a Phototype by]

CLASS OF KAREN PUPILS AT THE DUFFERIN MATERNITY HOSPITAL, RANGOON.

[R. Holz, Calcutta.

rate quarters are provided for Parsees, Hindoos, and Mahomedans. The building is faced with blue stone, with dressings and carvings in Porebunder stone. The entrance portico is supported by massive pillars with carved capitals; the rooms open out of a spacious corridor. It will ever remain as a touching tribute from a sorrowing and affectionate brother to the memory of a deeply loved and only sister. No more fitting memorial could have been thought of, for Miss Awabai Bhownaggee's short life had been one of indefatigable labour in promoting works of public charity. Thus has Lady Dufferin's Association given an impetus to native efforts, and opened out a great field for the future.

In spite of the deep-rooted prejudice against Western medical and surgical methods, the number of women who daily seek aid and relief in the hospitals, and from lady doctors, prove how sorely such aid was needed, and the need is growing; more hospitals, more efficient doctors and nurses are required, consequently the Fund at the disposal of the Association must be correspondingly increased by annual subscriptions and donations.

Lady Dufferin, in her interesting book, "A Record of Three Years' Work," mentions that a mahant (a Hindu high priest)

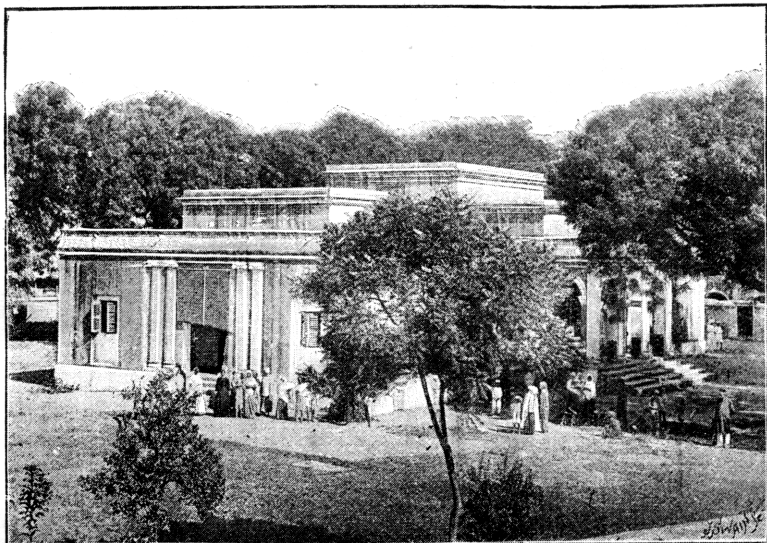
gave a handsome donation to the Fund, and also offered two scholarships for hospital assistants, two gold medals and two scholarships for *accoucheuses*. In addition to this he promised to pay half the salary, and to provide hospital accommodation, for an apothecary or hospital assistant, if one could be found to go to his native town.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." This great work deserves national aid; at least every woman in England should consider it a privilege to help in such a cause, and to contribute voluntarily some sum, however small, towards advocating "Women's Rights," not in the modern sense of the term, but in its holiest and purest meaning.

"The right—ah, best and sweetest!—  
To stand all undismayed,  
Whenever sorrow, want, or sin,  
Call for a woman's aid."

The cries of suffering womanhood in India are loud enough to reach the hearts of their English sisters. Shall they remain unheeded?

To Lady Dufferin and her co-workers India owes an infinite debt of gratitude, and an everlasting memorial is raised to them in the hearts of those they have benefited, as well as those who honour and appreciate their unceasing efforts.



From a Phototype by]

[R. Hotz, Calcutta.

DUFFERIN HOSPITAL (MAIN BUILDING), BAREILLY (N.W. PROVINCES).



## *Told in the Studios.*

BY RITA.

### STORY THE SECOND.—"CIGARETTE."



"CIGARETTE."

"**I**T is your turn next," said Denis O'Hara, turning to a grey-bearded, middle-aged man, who was smoking his brierwood with serene and placid content; "and this," handing him a sketch from the heap on the table, "this is your subject."

The artist took it, and for some moments gazed quietly down at the subject it presented.

Only a girl, perched in a half-defiant, half-coquettish attitude on a wooden table, a cigarette in her hand, just as if taken from the pretty, petulant lips, which blew

a cloud of smoke into the laughing face of a young man bending over her.

"It looks more French than English," said Denis, musingly; "and the name—Cigarette, isn't that it, Druce?"

"That is the name," said Norman Druce. A smile, humorous and tender, played round his mouth, as he took out the big pipe and quietly filled it. "Yes," he said again, as he resumed his seat, "there is something un-English and unconventional about that sketch, but for all that the girl was English; and, stranger still, the daughter of a country clergyman."

"That," said Jasper Trenoweth, some-

what cynically, "might account for a good deal. The bow that is too tightly strung is always the one to rebound most fiercely."

"She was a character in her way," said Norman Druce, musingly. "Wild, wayward, impetuous, passionate; as lovely as a dream, as wilful as—well, as a woman; mischievous, coquettish; yet withal so generous and tender-hearted! Poor Cigarette!"

"She looks very young here," said Denis.

"She was only sixteen." He glanced at the sketch. "Just such a scene," he said, "only supplement it by some half-dozen young fellows in their workshop. I—I was one of them. We were young then, and poor, and sharing a joint studio in a quiet little country place in Devon, studying landscape-painting. I had been the last to join them. Two were personal friends; the others I only knew by name. I arrived one summer evening; and, leaving my traps at the inn, walked over to the studio, as arranged. It was a long, wooden building, lighted by two large windows, and had been built on to a little, rustic cottage, originally tenanted by an artist. I knocked at the door, but the noise of voices and laughter within made my diffident announcement inaudible. I therefore opened the door, and stood for a moment unobserved, looking on at the scene presented. I never look at this sketch but it all comes back. A crash of chords, a medley of sounds, the ringing, audacious notes of a voice clear and sweet as a nightingale's, a puff of smoke blown saucily from rosy lips, the mutinous flash of brown eyes, a figure shabbily and poorly clad, yet perfect in its youth and grace, and careless ease of movement—that was Cigarette, as I first saw her."

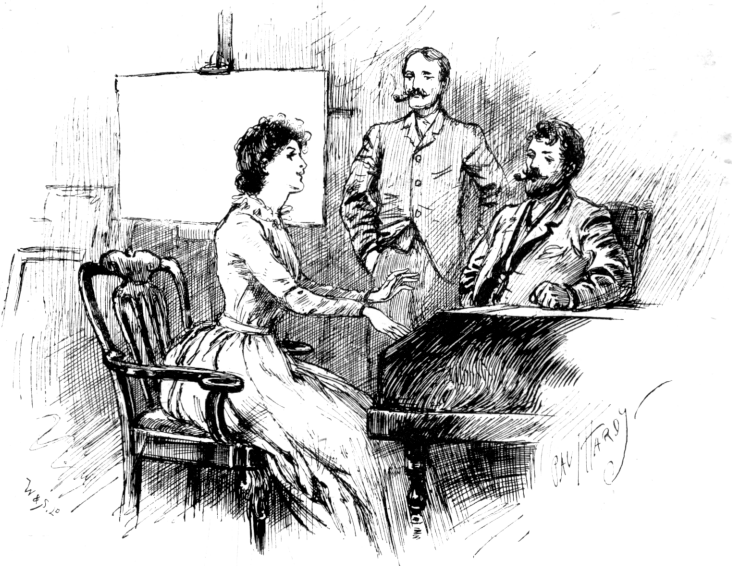
"It sounds delightful," said Denis O'Hara. "Was she a model?"

"A model! I told you she was a clergyman's daughter," said Norman Druce indignantly.

"And sang buffo songs; smoked cigarettes in the company of a lot of young fellows, puffing smoke from rosy lips into their faces—well, you must allow it sounds a little—incompatible."

"Oh," said Norman Druce laughing, "she did many worse things than that. All the same we adored her. She was the veriest incarnation of coquetry and mischief that ever wore the garb of woman—a sprite, a will-o'-the-wisp, a something untamable

and untrained, and most certainly the plague of my life and of many of the others for those six months during which we rented the studio. She had always been allowed to run wild. She had no mother, or brothers, or sisters. Her father bore a not very excellent character, and seemed to let her do just what she pleased. That, apparently, consisted in haunting the studio, coquetting with the artists, and spoiling canvas, and wasting colour in an attempt to produce what she termed 'novel effects'—they *were* novel, by Jove!—playing all sorts of practical jokes on us, and amusing, interesting, tormenting each and all of us just as the fancy took her. She was like a wild young colt. She respected nothing and no one. She would parody songs till we had to hold our sides for laughing, mimic her father and his sermons; dance, play, sing; in fact, her talents were as versatile as herself. One of our number, Val Beresford, alone seemed to dislike the girl. He was a wonderfully clever artist, out and out the best among us, excessively handsome, very ambitious, and very fastidious. He made no secret that he disliked Cigarette, though he laughed and teased her like the rest of us, as if she were some pet kitten, with claws as yet half sheathed and harmless. But Cigarette seemed to guess his dislike, and I noticed that in his presence she was always wilder, bolder, more fantastic and petulant than we ever knew her. If he admired a song, it was the signal for some audacious parody that turned it into ridicule; if he praised art, she abused it; if he spoke of the refinement and delicacy of womanhood, she would tear its idealised graces into shreds and tatters, and paint them with a scathing and bitter contempt that quite startled us. On no subject could they or would they agree; strangely enough, too, she would sit for any of us with most untiring patience, but nothing would ever induce her to do so for Val. One day he told her laughingly that, with or without her will, he intended to make a picture of her, and send it to the French Exhibition. 'You are too vivid and dangerous for English tastes,' he said teasingly. He did not notice, as he spoke, how white that lovely rich-hued face of hers became; how swift and fierce a flash shot from the dark brown eyes; so sudden, so tempestuous was the change that I felt almost frightened, though I knew her temper, and how variable were her moods. But, sudden as was that change, it was checked as suddenly. For once Cigarette did not



"THAT DELIGHTFUL SONG."

storm in anger, or lash him with her sharp unsparing tongue. She only turned away, saying very low, 'I would sooner kill you than let you paint me for—for exhibition.'

"Val only laughed, and at this time no more was said on the subject. I think five minutes afterwards the little fury was sitting at the piano, and giving us what she called 'the sense' of that delightful song to Anthea, which Val used to sing so splendidly. I believe I can remember the words still:—

'Bid me to paint, and I will paint  
A moon, or sun, or sea,  
Or dirty boys, or village joys,  
For the Acad-a-mee;  
Or do what all have done before  
(For so doth art decree),  
That fruit and flower may have the power  
To give the lie to me!  
Bid me to use of oil a cruse  
(Whatever that may be),  
That nature's tints I may abuse,  
For critics all to see!  
And I will do what all will do,  
To all eterni-tee—  
And mock the praise I cannot raise  
From that Acad-a-mee.  
It is the hope of every heart  
That honours its decree;  
But genius dwells afar apart,  
Nor there would wish to be!'"

A round of laughter followed this declamation, as Norman Druce paused to re-light his pipe.

"By Jove!" cried Denis O'Hara, "I

should like to have known that girl. She must have been a caution! But go on, old chap. It's getting interesting. Of course, he did paint her?"

"You know the sketch," said Norman, quietly; "I don't know how long he was doing it, or when he managed to get the likeness: it is lifelike. We none of us knew what he was about, Cigarette least of all. They quarrelled as much as ever, and

she seemed as saucily defiant—as mischievous and uncertain in her moods as we had always known her. But sometimes I thought I detected a change in the girl. She had fits of quietude, almost of sadness; she seemed to take more pains with her personal appearance, to be less random of speech, less bold of tongue. I was older and graver and steadier than the others, and in some vague way she seemed to trust me more, and be more natural with me than with them. I met her sometimes taking long, aimless walks, book in hand—she who used to declare she hated books, and would ridicule and parody the most sublime poem that ever was written. But among us all, and specially when Val Beresford was present, she was the same wild, laughing, mutinous creature we had grown to know so well. Time passed on; our tenancy was almost over. We had painted and sketched our fill, and were already half-regretful that we must give up those pleasant quarters and our lazy Bohemian life. One night we were all sitting together before the fire; it was close on Christmas, and the weather was cold and damp. Cigarette had not appeared for two or three days. We were wondering at her absence, and speculating as to her probable appearance to-night.

"'I hope she will come,' said Val, 'for I want to show you all my picture, and I should like her to be present.'



"'You don't care much for her opinion, surely?' I said.

"'Her opinion? Oh, no!' he said, with a somewhat odd smile, 'I only want to give her a surprise.'

"As he spoke, the door opened, and Cigarette appeared. She had thrown a scarlet cloak round her; the hood was drawn over her head. Her great dark eyes and flushed cheeks looked out from that glowing frame with rare and piquant beauty. Val looked at her critically, as he had a way of looking, and I saw her colour deepen as she met his eyes.

"'Will you have me for a model?' she asked.

"'Thanks, no,' he said coolly, 'I've a good memory.'

"With no further word he went to a corner of the studio, and, opening a cabinet there, took out a small square of canvas. This he placed on his easel, and turned it round so as to face us all. The full light of the swinging lamp above fell on it. There was a cry of wonder from us; of rage and passionate indignation from the girl. She looked back at *herself*. Herself—to the life, with her petulant grace, and her flashing eyes, and her mutinous, lovely, *riante* face, and she sat there in the colour and life of the picture as she sits in that sketch, puffing a cloud of smoke into the face bent down to hers. It was very simple, but it was very lifelike and true, and the title, 'A Challenge,' said all that was needful. We burst into a chorus of praise and admiration. None of us had had the faintest idea of what Val had been doing, only—somehow, I looked not at the picture but at the original; and I was startled to see the life and colour die slowly out of the girl's face, till it grew cold, white, stern, as never had I dreamt it could look. She stood there—her breast heaving, her eyes veiled by their long lashes, the colour coming and going in her face. Val seemed somewhat uneasy. 'Come, Cigarette,' he said, 'don't look so angry. The others have painted you so often, why shouldn't I?'

"She only looked at him. I—well, I've often wondered how he felt. How does a deer look wounded to death, turning its eyes on its hunters? How might a child look torn from arms it loves, and seeing only terror and darkness around it? So she looked in that brief moment between his question and her reply. Swift as thought she seized a brush lying near her. One fierce gesture; one rapid sweep of the

small, firm hand, and the face on the canvas was disfigured beyond all recognition! None of us spoke or moved. We were too astonished. 'There,' she cried, throwing the brush at Val's feet, 'there is your "challenge" answered.'

"'And rightly answered,' he said very quietly. 'Thank you, Cigarette, I deserve your rebuke; I had no right to do it without your permission.'

"He went up to the picture, and turned its face to the easel.

"The girl stood there, silent and trembling, every vestige of colour gone from her face, as every trace of that moment's fiery passion had vanished in the shame and remorse that had followed its outbreak. Then, without a word, she drew the hood closely round her head, and turned to the door. She paused there for a moment and looked back at us. 'I came here to-night,' she said, 'to wish you all good-bye. I—I am going away to a school in London. I shall never see any of you again.' We sprang up and crowded round her. Val alone remained seated in the chair, smoking. One would have thought he had not heard her. She broke away from us with a sob—Cigarette, who never cried, who mocked at tears as something more than childish. Then she was gone, leaving us to wonder or comment as we might. How curiously silent Val was; how impossible we found it to draw anything from him that night. I remembered that afterwards.

"It happened that the next morning he and I were the first to enter the studio. We had to collect our sketches and implements, and pack our pictures. As we entered I saw that his picture had been turned again to its original position. 'Why, Val,' I said, 'someone has been here—look!' For on the edge of the easel lay a bunch of flowers, tied together by a long, soft tress of brown hair. He came forward and took them from my hand. A smile, half sad half tender, played around his lips.

"'What a child she is,' he said, 'and with all her wilfulness and passion, what a tender heart.'

"'I am glad,' I said, 'that you do her justice at last. It always seemed to me that you have been too hard on her.'

"He did not answer, and his lips still wore that musing tender smile, as he thrust the little bunch of flowers into the breast pocket of his coat.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Surely that is not all," exclaimed Denis O'Hara as Norman Druce leant back in his chair and puffed a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling.

"Well," answered Druce, with an odd little smile, "I think there is a sequel, if you care to hear it." He rose as he spoke, and took down from the mantel-shelf a box of cigarettes, which he handed to Denis.

"Three or four, are there not?" he said; "that's the sequel."

"But—but I don't understand," exclaimed Denis, looking somewhat bewildered.

"Don't you?" said Druce, puffing another cloud of smoke from the brierwood; "oh, it's very simple. He married her—after she left that school in London."



"ONE SWEEP OF THE HAND, AND THE FACE WAS DISFIGURED."

# FIREWORKS



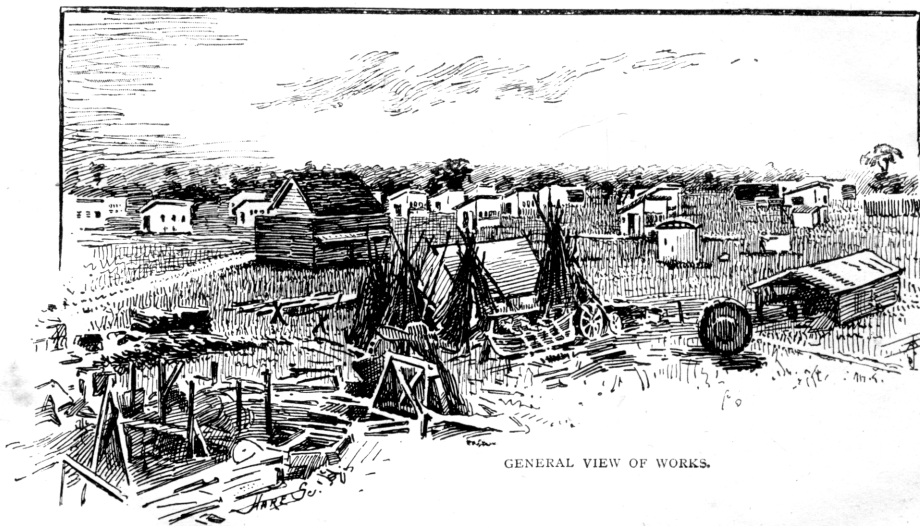
THE manu-  
facture of  
fireworks  
has really  
become a

fine art, and to  
spend a day at a  
factory throws  
considerable  
light as to how

preparations are made in order to keep green the memory of a certain enterprising individual whose name is inseparable from the 5th of November. Imagine a great green field of fifty acres, with a hundred small outhouses dotted about here and there, and countless tram lines in miniature, over which firework trucks run—such is the first idea of Messrs. C. T. Brock & Co.'s factory at South Norwood, the largest in the world.

It will be as well to take shed by shed, and follow the making of the squib, cracker, Catherine-wheel, or set piece from start to finish. The paper is the first consideration. Here is the store. There are thirty tons inside now, and a season's manufacture involves the using of some 300 tons. It costs from £7 a ton for the brown to £50 a ton for the best white, and this little load helps to make twelve million farthing, halfpenny, and penny goods a year. The wet rolling shed is a square building with two great stoves in the centre, which are connected with huge racks above containing 50,000 cases. In the winter months the fires are lit, and the cases go through a process of drying. Just at the present moment some 10,000 rocket cases are suspended from the roof, intended for Trinity House work.

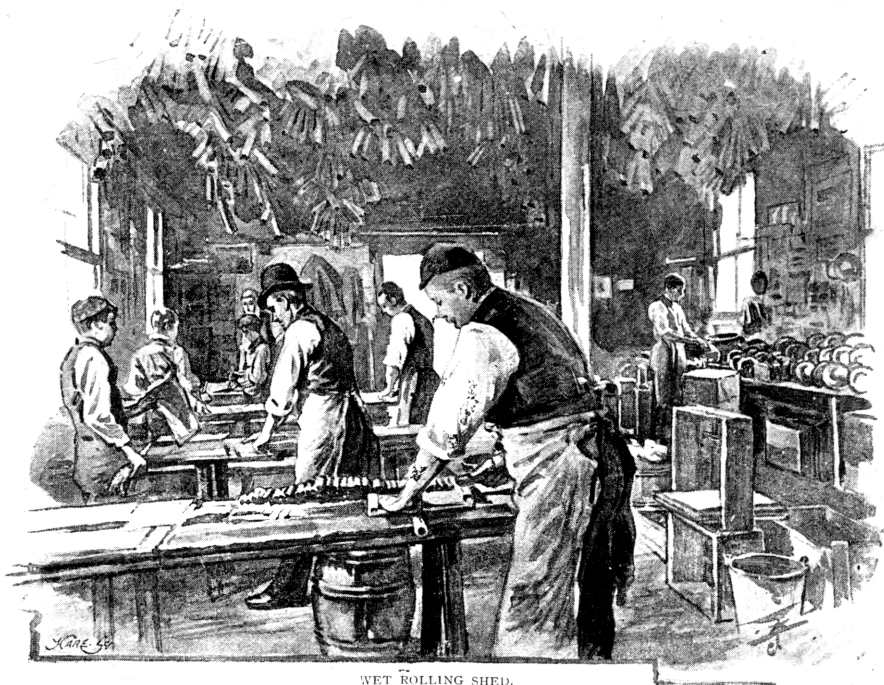
It is interesting to watch the men at



GENERAL VIEW OF WORKS.

work. A good hand can roll a gross of cases a day—a boy industriously pasting the paper, which at the same time he energetically rolls. Here, too, the shells are made—great explosive balls which vary in diameter from three and a half inches to twenty-five inches. These are used for large Government displays and State occasions. The biggest of these will turn the scale at two and a quarter hundredweights, and when it bursts its *débris* covers a radius of a quarter of a mile from the bursting point. It costs £50

left for the fuse, and then the two separate pieces are joined into the round with glue. Look in at the dry rolling shed, where a little army of young women are busy making coloured lights. They sit at slate tables, with paste-pot and brush handy, and piles of paper in front of them cut to a square about the size sufficient to hold half-an-ounce of tobacco. The thin rolls of paper are shaped with a steel rod, and are used for the great set pieces. A girl can roll twenty gross of cases for coloured lights in a day. In a corner of



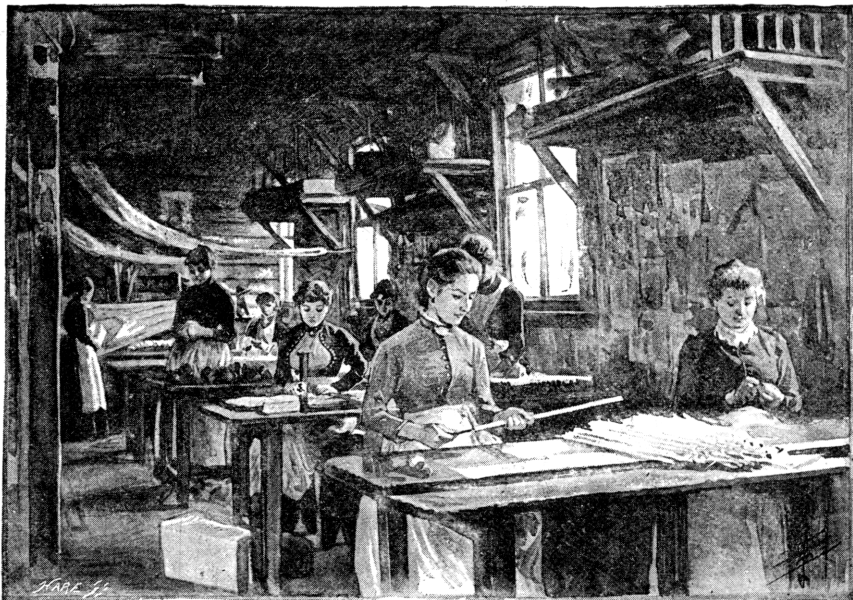
WET ROLLING SHED.

to fire one. Such a huge shell, however, has only been exploded on two occasions, both of which were at Lisbon—the first in 1886, when the Crown Prince of Portugal was married, and again on the visit of the King and Queen of Sweden to the Portuguese capital in 1888. The 1886 display cost £3,500, and the fireworks were let off on the River Tagus, when thirteen men-of-war, troopships, and hulks were called into service. The second display cost £5,000, and these are the two most expensive on record.

Shells are made in a mould of plaster of Paris or metal. The two halves are manufactured separately, with forty or fifty layers of brown paper for a medium-sized shell, securely pasted together. A hole is

this room is a good lady who has made fire balloons for the last twenty years. She can turn out three a day, and when it is remembered that a fire-balloon stands 14 ft. high, has a capacity for holding 400 ft. of gas, and that no fewer than 112 pieces of paper take part in its construction, we are inclined to single her out as a very champion of balloon-makers.

The store-rooms of the Japanese lanterns form an interesting building. Fifty thousand lanterns are imported from Japan every year, at prices ranging from a farthing to ten shillings each. At the present moment 25,000 are stored away in immense bins—total darkness is necessary so as to retain the colour—and we are assured by our guide that every one



DRY ROLLING SHED.

of the 25,000 is of a distinctly different pattern!

The iron house which holds the charcoal must not be forgotten. The charcoal is stowed away in sacks very much resembling soot bags, and fifty tons are used every year. Charcoal, indeed, is one of the principal ingredients of the common firework—the farthing and halfpenny goods. The cheap squib or cracker, which the youth of the town delight to let off at our heels, is principally composed of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal. Only about twenty tons of gunpowder is necessary for a year's manufacture, and this is only needed to lift shells or to make a noise. The better class of fireworks, known in the trade as coloured fireworks, are for the most part made of chlorate of potash, shellac, and a proportion of mineral salts to give the requisite colour.

As we hasten across the field to the secluded houses where the filling takes place we do not fail to take note of a huge cauldron near an immense boiler. The cauldron in question is the pastemixing pot, and it will take a sack of flour to fill it. The water is poured in and then steam is turned on at something like 30 lb. pressure. You could count in another building 150,000 fairy lamps of every colour of the rainbow—violet, blue, white, green, yellow, plum, and ruby. The ruby glass—the most expensive—is made in Bohemia, and

the other colours in France. When they return from giving a fairy-like appearance to the trees and paths, they are washed in pans capable of holding 150 at a time. Alas! many of these fairy lights which leave the place are destined never to return. 5,000 have been broken at a single display, and at a recent flower show at Newcastle-on-Tyne, when everything was swept away, some 6,000 little lamps were carried away by the windy weather. Just a little arithmetical calculation in the carpenter's shop, where the strips of wood are cut from the great planks which lie scattered about the place, for rockets, reveals the fact that close upon a million strips are here, and 300 ropes of nine feet length, used for putting up set pieces.

We have now reached the little houses where the firework cases are filled, and for the first time we realise the great precau-



SAFETY BOOTS.



tions taken in order to ensure perfect safety to the workers. All persons working in the factory are searched on entering. They must also wear woollen jackets from which the pockets are cut out and sewn up. They then go to their respective sheds, and put on a pair of huge over-all safety boots of brown leather of quite a fashionable colour, without any nails.

The houses in which they work have much that is interesting about them. They are wooden buildings about 16 ft. long by 12 ft. wide, and of a proportionate height. Small gas jets are placed outside the windows to provide light when working in the winter.

The floor is covered with linoleum or lead, and the interiors are scrupulously clean. When it is mentioned that a Government inspector has fined the firework manufacturer for allowing a cobweb to be seen in one of these little houses, it will be understood how clean these places are, and how totally free from grit or dust. All girls who make fireworks, and who are responsible for the cleanliness of their dwellings, should make capital housewives. Every one of these sheds is licensed for the different operations which are carried on inside.

The number of people and the amount of explosive matter allowed in the building during the operation of filling are set forth on little black boards placed outside near the door. We quote the contents of one of these boards in order that it may be more readily understood.

A. Filling and charging. Fireworks 50 lbs.

Composition 25 lbs.

Number of persons, 4.

Or—

B. Finishing. Fireworks 100 lbs.

Composition 5 lbs.

Number of persons, 6.

Or—

C. Packing. Fireworks manufactured or completed 1,000 lbs.

Number of persons, 4.



CHARGING SHELLS.

Of course, these rules vary in some of the sheds, according to the character of work which is carried on within.

In one particular instance the work has to be so minutely done that only 30 lbs. of composition for fireworks is allowed in at one time, and only one person permitted to be inside.

At the door of these buildings pails filled to the brim with water are placed in a handy position, and the working sheds are 25 yards apart, and the magazines from 25 to 75 yards apart.

We now peep into some of these firework houses; having put on our boots in order that we may abide by the rules, we enter and watch their tenants at work.

In one shed they are charging rock-



CHARGING HEAVY ROCKETS.



MAKING CRACKERS.

ets, in another heavy Government shells. The composition with which the firework is charged is first mixed in one shed, and brought along in a barrel carefully covered up.

The workers sit before three small receptacles containing the different coloured compositions needed. One man has a small block, on which is placed the case to be filled. He rams the composition into a case with a heavy wooden rod, and then gives it a strong tap with a box-wood mallet to make the ingredients tight. It is then placed on one side ready to have the finishing touch put to it.

The services of young girls are mostly called in to requisition for the making of crackers and Catherine wheels. In the trade the manufacture of a cracker is considered the most simple of any class of fireworks. Little paper cylinders about the same size as the stem of a tobacco pipe are filled with fine-grain gunpowder, which is then run through a press.

A girl then bends the flattened paper cylinder in a zigzag fashion, it is passed on to another worker who ties it together, and finally a little piece of blue paper is placed on the tip, and the cracker is completed.

Here they are making the halfpenny Catherine wheels. This, too, is a very simple process. The paper is taken in hand, in the top of which is placed a funnel. The composition is poured in, and, as fast as they are filled, away they go to another shed to be wound round a wooden disc and fastened by sealing-wax. A blue paper band pasted

round the article brings about its completion.

The manufacture of a Roman candle is, perhaps, a trifle more elaborate. Those glorious coloured stars which suddenly burst out upon us are little square pieces of composition. When a worker has taken a Roman candle case in hand he first puts a layer of powder in, then a coloured ball, or rather, square, followed by a fuse for slow burning, until another layer of powder comes, and another ball, and so on to the end. The requisite amount of powder needed to throw these balls many feet into the air is infinitesimally small—just a tiny



MAKING CATHERINE WHEELS.

scoop full, or as much as would cover a threepenny-piece.

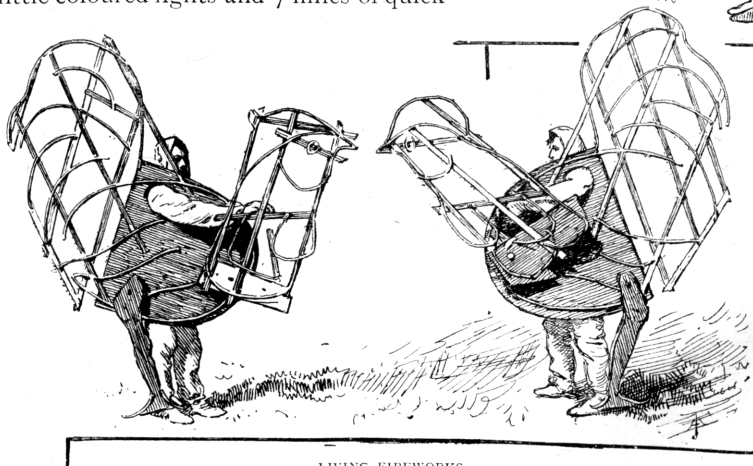
You can look into another shed, where they are filling the shells, many of which have thirty different colours and effects in them. Turning away from the sheds and the workers therein, we return to a huge house where the set pieces are made. Those who have seen the great display at the Crystal Palace and other places of entertainment, cannot fail to be interested in knowing something of the process by which these immense set pieces are made. We hear some startling statistics as to the cost of a Crystal Palace display, which is about £10 a minute. Such a display as that given when the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India at Delhi cost £3,000.

The furthest spot which Messrs. Brock & Co. have visited for the purpose of letting off fireworks was to India, in 1875, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, when hundreds of tons of fireworks accompanied him for the displays there.

No fewer than ten displays were given, at costs ranging from £1,000 to £2,500 each. During the recent Jubilee £250,000 was spent in fireworks, and it is estimated that the amount of money spent on fireworks every 5th of November falls little short of £100,000. To make a set piece depicting "The Battle of the Nile," which is over an eighth of a mile long, takes 400 gross of little coloured lights and 7 miles of quick-

time in this country was 5,000, though on the Continent they think nothing of providing a display of 10,000 as a bouquet of rockets. This is always considered the most important feature of a display.

Supposing one wanted to make a set piece—a portrait of the Queen, for instance. The first thing to do would be to make an outline drawing. This is then divided off into small squares to a set scale. A huge frame of laths is then needed, which is divided up into convenient squares, some 10 ft. by 5 ft., to work on. The whole thing is then laid down on a level floor. The worker takes the drawing and follows out over the frame the features, &c., in chalk, so as to ensure getting a true design. Then a small gang of lads come along with canes for curves and thin laths for the straight parts. The whole of the head, with the crown of Her



LIVING FIREWORKS.

Majesty, is now ready to be pegged—that is, little pegs are driven in at intervals of three inches along the design, and this having been done it is carried away to the place of exhibition. A body of men repair to the spot where Her Majesty is to be seen in fireworks, tak-

ing with them sufficient lances or coloured lights to illumine the head. These are put on, and at the right moment the whole thing is lit up.

Perhaps the greatest curiosity of recent years in the way of firework displays, has

match, to say nothing of half a hundred-weight of pins to fasten the various parts together.

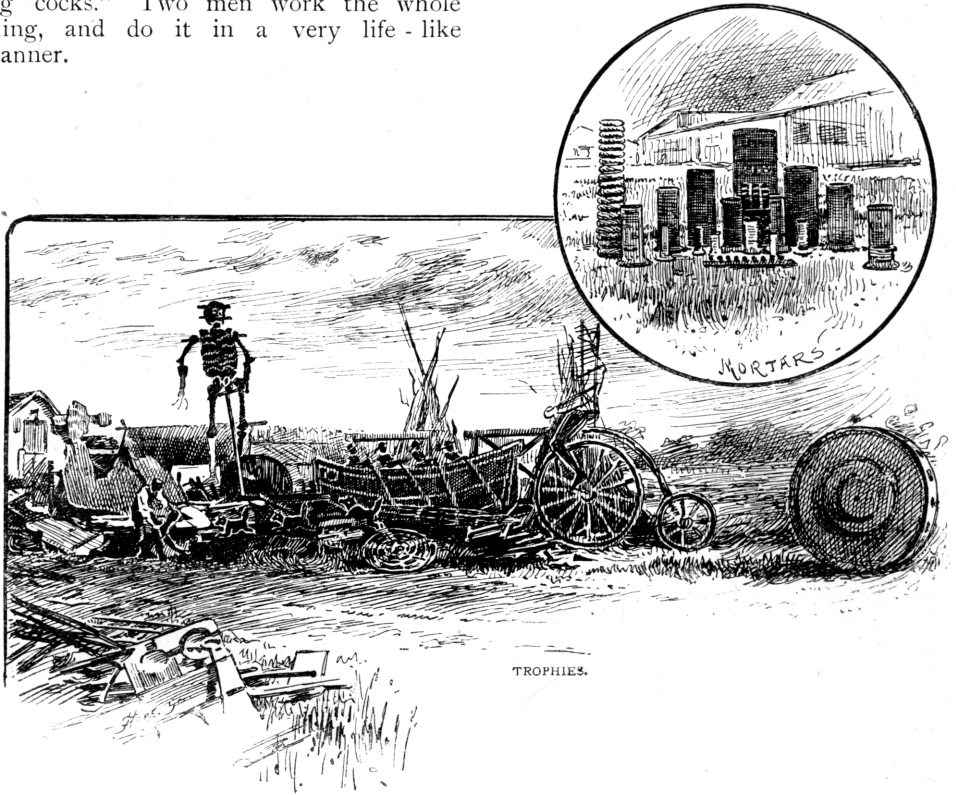
One learns, too, that the biggest Catherine wheel ever made was 100 ft. in diameter, and the biggest display of rockets at one



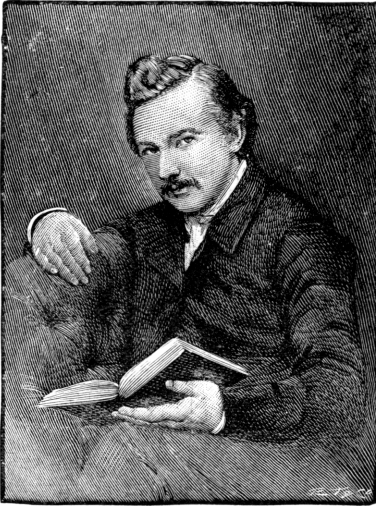
been centred round the living fireworks. The "fighting cocks" greatly amused the Shah when he was over here, and the "boxing men" caused unbounded delight to the Emperor of Germany. However, whilst we were going over the premises the whole secret as to how they were worked leaked out. They are indeed living fireworks. Take the boxers, for instance. They are really two men clothed with an "asbestos" suit, and entirely protected from danger, who have fastened to one side of them a framework of fireworks, depicting a man in fighting attitude. The whole thing is lit up, and the brilliancy of it prevents the man behind being seen. He boxes away with his opponent, raising his hand, and dodging his head, and as he does so the frame on which the fireworks are fizzing necessarily does the same.

It is precisely the same with the "fighting cocks." Two men work the whole thing, and do it in a very life-like manner.

There are numerous bygone trophies of fireworks to be seen about the place. Here is a skeleton out of which every spark of life has vanished, the remains of a giant. Alas! but a sorry sight of what his immense statue once must have been. Only a few strips of charred wood remain. Here are broken bicycles, shattered boats and sledges, and here in a corner are the original mortars used in Hyde-park in the great display which took place to celebrate the triumphant conclusion of the Crimean War. Mortars marked "Calcutta," "Bombay," "Delhi," reminiscences of the Prince of Wales' visit to the Empire, and just close at hand is a curious Japanese mortar made of bamboo, riveted together with wood, and wound round with cane rope.



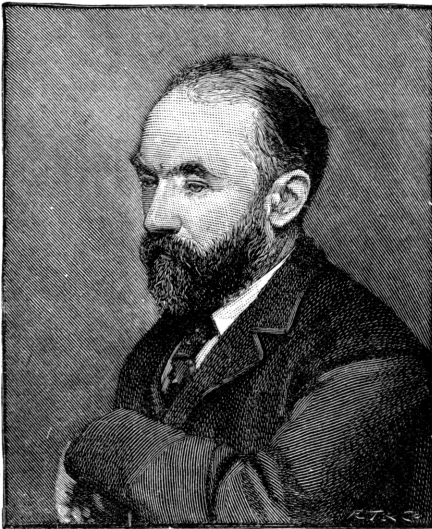
*Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.*



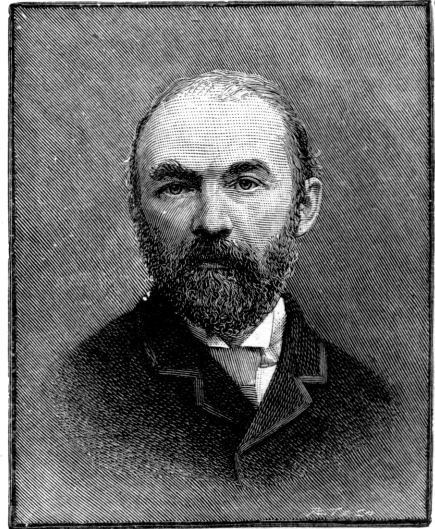
*From a Photo. by]* AGE 21. [*Bowen & Carpenter.*



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 32. [*Stereoscopic Co.*



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 40. [*Fred. Hollyer.*



*From a Photo. by]* AGE 50. [*Barraud.*

THOMAS HARDY.

BORN 1840.

**T**HOMAS HARDY, who was born at a Dorsetshire village, was educated as an architect in his native place, at the same time giving much attention to literary studies. At twenty-one he came to London, where he continued to study design under

Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A., and modern languages at King's College. At twenty-two he gained several prizes and medals for designs, and also wrote much poetry which he never published. At thirty-one he wrote his first novel, "Desperate Remedies," and at thirty-four "Far from the Madding Crowd," his masterpiece, in which the humours and pathos of agricultural life are displayed in a manner which has had no equal.



From a] AGE 17. [Photograph.



From a] AGE 22 [Photograph.



From a Photo. by] AGE 27. [Elliott & Fry.

### CORNEY GRAIN.

“**W**ERE I asked to give a short, true, and succinct account of my life,” says Mr. Corney Grain in his entertaining “Reminiscences,” “I should do it in the following manner:—

Surname .....	Grain.
Christian Name...	Richard Corney.
Condition .....	Bachelor.
Born .....	October 26, 1844.
Education .....	Average Middle Class.
Profession .....	{ Barrister, April 30, 1866.
	{ Entertainer, May 16, 1870.”

At the ages of our first two portraits



From a Painting by] PRESENT DAY. [Leslie Ward.

Mr. Corney Grain was reading for the bar, and doing a little amateur acting and entertaining. At the age of the third, he had recently joined the German Reed's entertainment, with which his name has ever since been so pleasantly associated,



From a]

AGE 16.

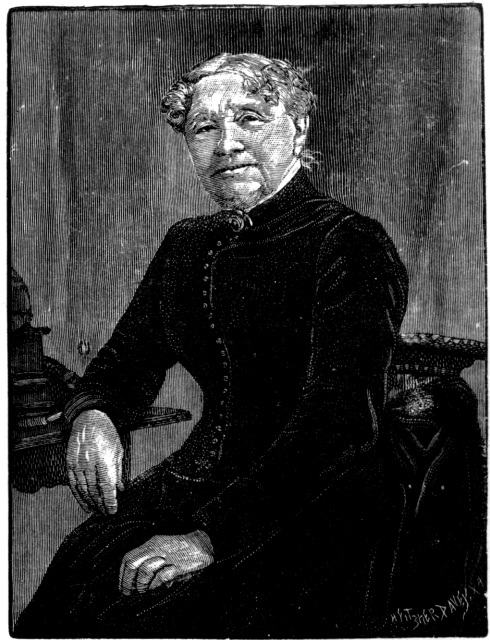
[Painting.



From a]

AGE 45.

[Photograph.



From a Photo. by]

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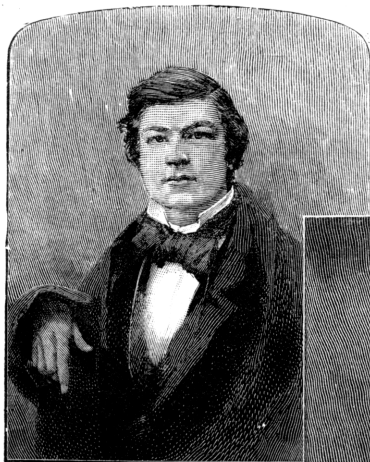
[Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

### MRS. KEELEY.

**M**RS. KEELEY was born in Ipswich in 1806, and although she is now in her 85th year, has a fund of animal spirits and vivacity which the young might envy. Time was when she was the idol of the theatrical public, as she is now the idol of her numerous circle of private friends. As far back as 1825 she was playing *Rosina* at the Lyceum. At the Adelphi, in 1838, she

created a sensation by her performance of *Smike*; but the success she achieved in that character was eclipsed by her subsequent triumph as *Jack Sheppard*. All London went to see it, and she was the talk of the town. Her brilliant subsequent career, too long for this brief memoir, included *Betty Martin*, which stands perhaps as the most remarkable example. The old lady enjoys the best of health, and her face is as merry and her eyes as bright as in the days of her youth.





From a] AGE 16. [Photograph.



From a Photo, by] AGE 3.



AGE 35.  
[From a Photo, by Fradelle & Young.]

## HENRY NEVILLE.



**M**R. HENRY NEVILLE, the son of a successful actor, appeared on the stage at the early age of four, in the part of an infant laid alone to sleep on a mossy bank, but greatly amazed and delighted the spectators by getting up and dancing a hornpipe on his own account. In course of time, though his father desired him to join the army, he threw in his lot with a strolling company, and for some time learnt his art in the hard but excellent school of the provincial theatres. At length, at twenty-three, he appeared at the Lyceum as *Percy Ardent* in "The Irish Heiress"—a part in which the spirit and



From a Photo, by] PRESENT DAY. [Conley, Boston.

vigour of his acting instantly attracted notice. He then removed to the Olympic, where his appearance as *Bob Brierley* in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" went far to restore the fortunes of a hitherto unlucky house. At thirty-six, he became manager of this theatre—the scene of his chief London successes—where his impersonations in "Clancarty," "The Two Orphans," and "Buckingham," showed him as an actor of great pathos as well as vigorous action. In comedy, and especially as a stage lover, Mr. Neville shines above all rivals, and the hearty and genuine character of his acting makes him an ideal heroic soldier. For some years his school of dramatic art has turned out a succession of promising young actors.





From a Drawing by] AGE 21. [W. B. Richmond.



From a] AGE 35. [Photogra. h.



From a] AGE 40. [Photograph.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Elliott & Fry.

## MISS CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

**A**T the age of twenty-one, Miss Yonge had already written "Abbeychurch," the first of the long series of novels which have made her name familiar to innumerable readers. Miss Yonge's books have done good, not only by their healthy moral teaching, but by the generous use which she has made of the proceeds of their sale.

The profits of "The Heir of Redclyffe," which was written at the age of thirty, she devoted chiefly to the fitting-out of the missionary schooner, *The Southern Cross*, for the use of Bishop Selwyn; and the sum of £2,000, which resulted from the sale of "The Daisy Chain," to the erection of a missionary college at Auckland. Miss Yonge is at present editor of *The Monthly Packet*.



From a

AGE 27.

[Photograph.



From a Photo. by] AGE 45. [Lock &amp; Whitfield, Brighton.

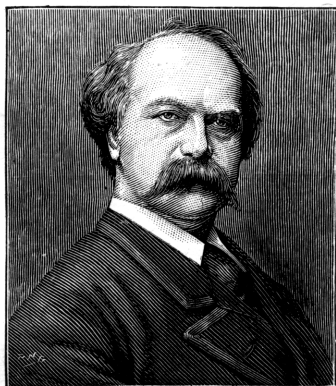


From a Photo. by] AGE 50. [Alinari, Florence.

## TOMMASO SALVINI.

BORN 1830.

**T**OMMASO SALVINI, who belonged to a family of actors, had gained renown as a child-actor before he was fourteen; and soon after, in Madame Ristori's company, he became recognised as the greatest of living tragedians. At nineteen



From a Photo. by] AGE 60. [Luckhardt, Vienna.

he fought in the War of Independence, and was taken prisoner at the same time as his friend Garibaldi. Just before the age of our first portrait he appeared as *Othello*, with an effect which no one who has seen that wonderful impersonation will ever forget. Our second portrait, as *Othello*, is the only portrait of Salvini ever taken in character.

## *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*

### ADVENTURE V.—THE FIVE ORANGE PIPS.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.



WHEN I glance over my notes and records of the Sherlock Holmes cases between the years '82 and '90, I am faced by so many which present strange and interesting features, that it is no easy matter to know which to choose and which to leave. Some, however, have already gained publicity through the papers, and others have not offered a field for those peculiar qualities which my friend possessed in so high a degree, and which it is the object of these papers to illustrate. Some, too, have baffled his analytical skill, and would be, as narratives, beginnings without an ending, while others have been but partially cleared up, and have their explanations founded rather upon conjecture and surmise than on that absolute logical proof which was so dear to him. There is, however, one of these last which was so remarkable in its details and so startling in its results, that I am tempted to give some account of it, in spite of the fact that there are points in connection with it which never have been, and probably never will be, entirely cleared up.

The year '87 furnished us with a long series of cases of greater or less interest, of which I retain the records. Among my headings under this one twelve months, I find an account of the adventure of the Paradol Chamber, of the Amateur Mendicant Society, who held a luxurious club in the lower vault of a furniture warehouse, of the facts connected with the loss of the British barque *Sophy Anderson*, of the singular adventures of the Grice Patersons in the island of Uffa, and finally of the Camberwell poisoning case. In the latter, as may be remembered, Sherlock Holmes was able, by winding up the dead man's watch, to prove that it had been wound up two hours ago, and that therefore the deceased had gone to bed within that time—a deduction which was of the greatest importance in clearing up the case. All these I may sketch out at some future date, but none of them present such singular features as the strange train of cir-

cumstances which I have now taken up my pen to describe.

It was in the latter days of September, and the equinoctial gales had set in with exceptional violence. All day the wind had screamed and the rain had beaten against the windows, so that even here in the heart of great, hand-made London we were forced to raise our minds for the instant from the routine of life, and to recognise the presence of those great elemental forces which shriek at mankind through the bars of his civilisation, like untamed beasts in a cage. As evening drew in the storm grew higher and louder, and the wind cried and sobbed like a child in the chimney. Sherlock Holmes sat moodily at one side of the fireplace cross-indexing his records of crime, whilst I at the other was deep in one of Clark Russell's fine sea-stories, until the howl of the gale from without seemed to blend with the text, and the splash of the rain to lengthen out into the long swash of the sea waves. My wife was on a visit to her mother's, and for a few days I was a dweller once more in my old quarters at Baker-street.

"Why," said I, glancing up at my companion, "that was surely the bell. Who could come to-night? Some friend of yours, perhaps?"

"Except yourself I have none," he answered. "I do not encourage visitors."

"A client, then?"

"If so, it is a serious case. Nothing less would bring a man out on such a day, and at such an hour. But I take it that it is more likely to be some crony of the land-lady's."

Sherlock Holmes was wrong in his conjecture, however, for there came a step in the passage, and a tapping at the door. He stretched out his long arm to turn the lamp away from himself and towards the vacant chair upon which a new-comer must sit. "Come in!" said he.

The man who entered was young, some two-and-twenty at the outside, well groomed and trimly clad, with something of refinement and delicacy in his bearing. The streaming umbrella which he held in his

hand, and his long shining waterproof told of the fierce weather through which he had come. He looked about him anxiously in the glare of the lamp, and I could see that his face was pale and his eyes heavy, like those of a man who is weighed down with some great anxiety.

"I owe you an apology," he said, raising his golden *pince-nez* to his eyes. "I trust that I am not intruding. I fear that I have brought some traces of the storm and the rain into your snug chamber."

"Give me your coat and umbrella," said Holmes. "They may rest here on the hook, and will be dry presently. You have come up from the south-west, I see."

"Yes, from Horsham."

"That clay and chalk mixture which I see upon your toe-caps is quite distinctive."

"I have come for advice."

"That is easily got."

"And help."

"That is not always so easy."

"I have heard of you, Mr. Holmes. I heard from Major Prendergast how you saved him in the Tankerville Club Scandal."

"Ah, of course. He was wrongfully accused of cheating at cards."

"He said that you could solve anything."

"He said too much."

"That you are never beaten."

"I have been beaten four times—three times by men, and once by a woman."

"But what is that compared with the number of your successes?"

"It is true that I have been generally successful."

"Then you may be so with me."

"I beg that you will draw your chair up to the fire, and favour me with some details as to your case."

"It is no ordinary one."

"None of those which come to me are. I am the last court of appeal."

"And yet I question, sir, whether, in all your experience, you have ever listened to a more mysterious and inexplicable chain of events than those which have happened in my own family."

"You fill me with interest," said Holmes.

"Pray give us the essential facts from the commencement, and I can afterwards question you as to those details which seem to me to be most important."

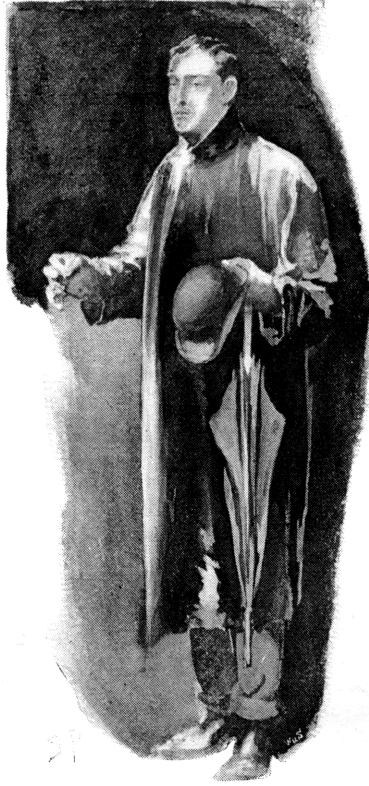
The young man pulled his chair up, and pushed his wet feet out towards the blaze.

"My name," said he, "is John Openshaw, but my own affairs have, as far as I can understand it, little to do with this awful business. It is a hereditary matter, so in order to give you an idea of the facts, I must go back to the commencement of the affair."

"You must know that my grandfather had two sons—my uncle Elias and my father Joseph. My father had a small factory at Coventry, which he enlarged at the time of the invention of

bicycling. He was the patentee of the Openshaw unbreakable tire, and his business met with such success that he was able to sell it, and to retire upon a handsome competence.

"My uncle Elias emigrated to America when he was a young man, and became a planter in Florida, where he was reported to have done very well. At the time of the war he fought in Jackson's army, and afterwards under Hood, where he rose to be a colonel. When Lee laid down his arms my uncle returned to his plantation, where he remained for three or four years. About 1869 or 1870 he came back to Europe, and took a small estate in Sussex, near Horsham. He had made a very considerable fortune in the States, and his reason for leaving them was his aversion to the negroes, and his dislike of the Republican policy in extending the franchise to them. He was a singular man, fierce and quick-tem-



"HE LOOKED ABOUT HIM ANXIOUSLY."

pered, very foul-mouthed when he was angry, and of a most retiring disposition. During all the years that he lived at Hors-ham I doubt if ever he set foot in the town. He had a garden and two or three fields round his house, and there he would take his exercise, though very often for weeks on end he would never leave his room. He drank a great deal of brandy, and smoked very heavily, but he would see no society, and did not want any friends, not even his own brother.

"He didn't mind me, in fact he took a fancy to me, for at the time when he saw me first I was a youngster of twelve or so. That would be in the year 1878, after he had been eight or nine years in England. He begged my father to let me live with him, and he was very kind to me in his way. When he was sober he used to be fond of playing backgammon and draughts with me, and he would make me his representative both with the servants and with the tradespeople, so that by the time that I was sixteen I was quite master of the house. I kept all the keys, and could go where I liked and do what I liked, so long as I did not disturb him in his privacy. There was one singular exception, however, for he had a single room, a lumber room up among the attics, which was invariably locked, and which he would never permit either me or anyone else to enter. With a boy's curiosity I have peeped through the keyhole, but I was never able to see more than such a collection of old trunks and bundles as would be expected in such a room.

"One day—it was in March, 1883—a letter with a foreign stamp lay upon the table in front of the Colonel's plate. It was not a common thing for him to receive letters, for his bills were all paid in ready money, and he had no friends of any sort. 'From India!' said he, as he took it up, 'Pondicherry postmark! What can this be?' Opening it hurriedly, out there jumped five little dried orange pips, which pattered down upon his plate. I began to laugh at this, but the laugh was struck from my lips at the sight of his face. His lip had fallen, his eyes were protruding, his skin the colour of putty, and he glared at the envelope which he still held in his trembling hand. 'K. K. K.' he shrieked, and then, 'My God, my God, my sins have overtaken me.'

"'What is it, uncle?' I cried.

"'Death,' said he, and rising from the table he retired to his room, leaving me palpitating with horror. I took up the

envelope, and saw scrawled in red ink upon the inner flap, just above the gum, the letter K three times repeated. There was nothing else save the five dried pips. What could be the reason of his overpowering terror? I left the breakfast table, and as I ascended the stair I met him coming down with an old rusty key, which must have belonged to the attic, in one hand, and a small brass box, like a cash box, in the other.

"'They may do what they like, but I'll checkmate them still,' said he, with an oath. 'Tell Mary that I shall want a fire in my room to-day, and send down to Fordham, the Horsham lawyer.'

"I did as he ordered, and when the lawyer arrived I was asked to step up to the room. The fire was burning brightly, and in the grate there was a mass of black, fluffy ashes, as of burned paper, while the brass box stood open and empty beside it. As I glanced at the box I noticed, with a start, that upon the lid were printed the treble K which I had read in the morning upon the envelope.

"'I wish you, John,' said my uncle, 'to witness my will. I leave my estate, with all its advantages and all its disadvantages to my brother, your father, whence it will, no doubt, descend to you. If you can enjoy it in peace, well and good! If you find you cannot, take my advice, my boy, and leave it to your deadliest enemy. I am sorry to give you such a two-edged thing, but I can't say what turn things are going to take. Kindly sign the paper where Mr. Fordham shows you.'

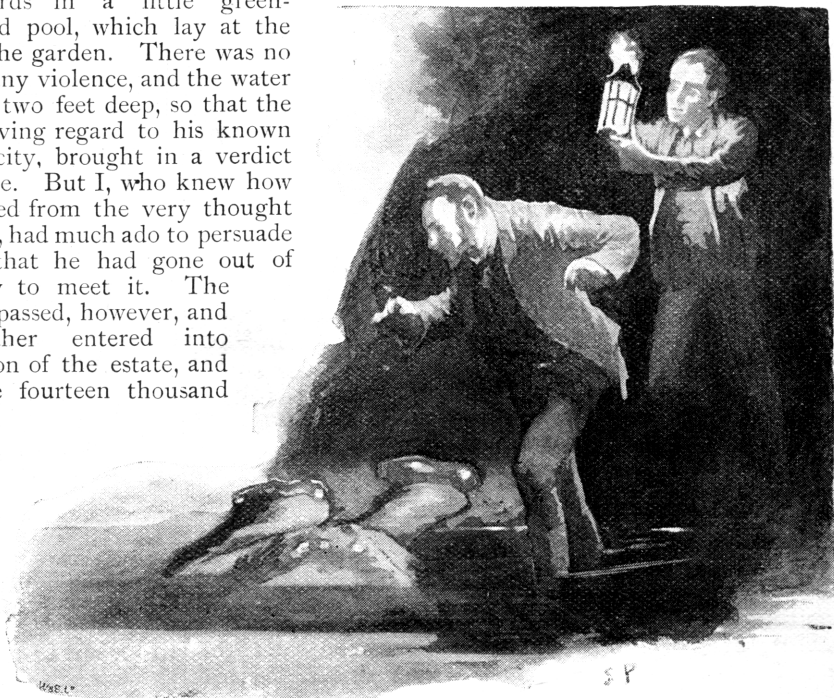
"I signed the paper as directed, and the lawyer took it away with him. The singular incident made, as you may think, the deepest impression upon me, and I pondered over it, and turned it every way in my mind without being able to make anything of it. Yet I could not shake off the vague feeling of dread which it left behind it, though the sensation grew less keen as the weeks passed, and nothing happened to disturb the usual routine of our lives. I could see a change in my uncle, however. He drank more than ever, and he was less inclined for any sort of society. Most of his time he would spend in his room, with the door locked upon the inside, but sometimes he would emerge in a sort of drunken frenzy, and would burst out of the house and tear about the garden with a revolver in his hand, screaming out that he was afraid of no man, and that he was



not to be cooped up, like a sheep in a pen, by man or devil. When these hot fits were over, however, he would rush tumultuously in at the door, and lock and bar it behind him, like a man who can brazen it out no longer against the terror which lies at the roots of his soul. At such times I have seen his face, even on a cold day, glisten with moisture as though it were new raised from a basin.

"Well, to come to an end of the matter, Mr. Holmes, and not to abuse your patience, there came a night when he made one of those drunken sallies from which he never came back. We found him, when we went to search for him, face downwards in a little green-scummed pool, which lay at the foot of the garden. There was no sign of any violence, and the water was but two feet deep, so that the jury, having regard to his known eccentricity, brought in a verdict of suicide. But I, who knew how he winced from the very thought of death, had much ado to persuade myself that he had gone out of his way to meet it. The matter passed, however, and my father entered into possession of the estate, and of some fourteen thousand

property, he, at my request, made a careful examination of the attic, which had been always locked up. We found the brass box there, although its contents had been destroyed. On the inside of the cover was a paper label, with the initials K.K.K. repeated upon it, and 'Letters, memoranda, receipts, and a register' written beneath. These, we presume, indicated the nature of the papers which had been destroyed by Colonel Openshaw. For the rest, there was nothing of much importance in the attic, save a great many scattered papers and notebooks bearing upon my uncle's life in America. Some of them were of the war



"WE FOUND HIM FACE DOWNWARDS IN A LITTLE GREEN SCUMMED POOL."

pounds, which lay to his credit at the bank."

"One moment," Holmes interposed. "Your statement is, I foresee, one of the most remarkable to which I have ever listened. Let me have the date of the reception by your uncle of the letter, and the date of his supposed suicide."

"The latter arrived on March the tenth, 1883. His death was seven weeks later, upon the night of the second of May."

"Thank you. Pray proceed."

"When my father took over the Horsham

time, and showed that he had done his duty well, and had borne the repute of being a brave soldier. Others were of a date during the reconstruction of the Southern States, and were mostly concerned with politics, for he had evidently taken a strong part in opposing the carpet-bag politicians who had been sent down from the North.

"Well, it was the beginning of '84 when my father came to live at Horsham, and all went as well as possible with us until the January of '85. On the fourth day

after the New Year I heard my father give a sharp cry of surprise as we sat together at the breakfast table. There he was, sitting with a newly-opened envelope in one hand and five dried orange-pips in the outstretched palm of the other one. He had always laughed at what he called my cock-and-a-bull story about the Colonel, but he looked very scared and puzzled now that the same thing had come upon himself.

"Why, what on earth does this mean, John?" he stammered.

"My heart had turned to lead. 'It is K. K. K.' said I.

"He looked inside the envelope. 'So it is,' he cried. 'Here are the very letters. But what is this written above them?'

"Put the papers on the sun-dial,' I read, peeping over his shoulder.

"What papers? What sun-dial?' he asked.

"The sun-dial in the garden. There is no other,' said I; 'but the papers must be those that are destroyed.'

"Pooh!" said he, gripping hard at his courage. 'We are in a civilised land here, and we can't have tomfoolery of this kind. Where does the thing come from?'

"From Dundee,' I answered, glancing at the postmark.

"Some preposterous practical joke," said he. 'What have I to do with sun-dials and papers? I shall take no notice of such nonsense.'

"I should certainly speak to the police,' I said.

"And be laughed at for my pains. Nothing of the sort.'

"Then let me do so?'

"No, I forbid you. I won't have a fuss made about such nonsense.'

"It was in vain to argue with him, for he was a very obstinate man. I went about, however, with a heart which was full of forebodings.

"On the third day after the coming of the letter my father went from home to visit an old friend of his, Major Freebody, who is in command of one of the forts upon Portsdown Hill. I was glad that he should go, for it seemed to me that he was further from danger when he was away from home. In that, however, I was in error. Upon the

second day of his absence I received a telegram from the Major, imploring me to come at once. My father had fallen over one of the deep chalk-pits which abound in the neighbourhood, and was lying senseless, with a shattered skull. I hurried to him, but he passed away without having ever recovered his consciousness. He had, as it appears, been returning from Fareham in the twilight, and as the country was unknown to him, and the chalk-pit unfenced, the jury had no hesitation in bringing in a verdict of 'Death from accidental causes.' Carefully as I examined every fact connected with his death, I was unable to find



"WHAT ON EARTH DOES THIS MEAN?"

anything which could suggest the idea of murder. There were no signs of violence, no footmarks, no robbery, no record or strangers having been seen upon the roads. And yet I need not tell you that my mind was far from at ease, and that I was well-nigh certain that some foul plot had been woven round him.

"In this sinister way I came into my inheritance. You will ask me why I did not dispose of it? I answer because I was well convinced that our troubles were in some way dependent upon an incident in my uncle's life, and that the danger would be as pressing in one house as in another.

"It was in January, '85, that my poor father met his end, and two years and eight

months have elapsed since then. During that time I have lived happily at Horsham, and I had begun to hope that this curse had passed away from the family, and that it had ended with the last generation. I had begun to take comfort too soon, however; yesterday morning the blow fell in the very shape in which it had come upon my father."

The young man took from his waistcoat a crumpled envelope, and, turning to the table, he shook out upon it five little dried orange pips.

"This is the envelope," he continued. "The postmark is London—eastern division. Within are the very words which were upon my father's last message. 'K. K. K.'; and then 'Put the papers on the sun-dial.'"

"What have you done?" asked Holmes.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"To tell the truth"—he sank his face into his thin, white hands—"I have felt helpless. I have felt like one of those poor rabbits when the snake is writhing towards it. I seem to be in the grasp of some resistless, inexorable evil, which no foresight and no precautions can guard against."

"Tut! Tut!" cried Sherlock Holmes. "You must act, man, or you are lost. Nothing but energy can save you. This is no time for despair."

"I have seen the police."

"Ah?"

"But they listened to my story with a smile. I am convinced that the inspector has formed the opinion that the letters are all practical jokes, and that the deaths of my relations were really accidents, as the jury stated, and were not to be connected with the warnings."

Holmes shook his clenched hands in the air. "Incredible imbecility!" he cried.

"They have, however, allowed me a policeman, who may remain in the house with me."

"Has he come with you to-night?"

"No. His orders were to stay in the house."

Again Holmes raved in the air.

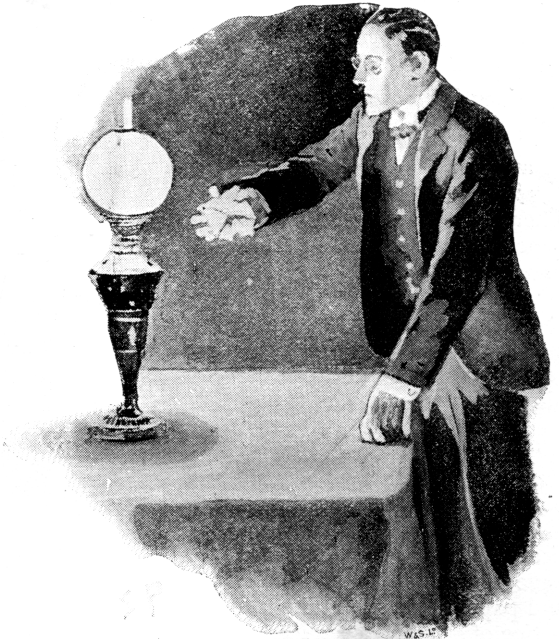
"Why did you come to me?" he said; "and, above all, why did you not come at once?"

"I did not know. It was only to-day

that I spoke to Major Prendergast about my troubles, and was advised by him to come to you."

"It is really two days since you had the letter. We should have acted before this. You have no further evidence, I suppose, than that which you have placed before us—no suggestive detail which might help us?"

"There is one thing," said John Openshaw. He rummaged in his coat pocket, and, drawing out a piece of discoloured, blue-tinted paper, he laid it out upon the table. "I have some remembrance," said



"SHOOK OUT FIVE LITTLE DRIED ORANGE PIPS."

he, "that on the day when my uncle burned the papers I observed that the small, unburned margins which lay amid the ashes were of this particular colour. I found this single sheet upon the floor of his room, and I am inclined to think that it may be one of the papers which has, perhaps, fluttered out from among the others, and in that way have escaped destruction. Beyond the mention of pips, I do not see that it helps us much. I think myself that it is a page from some private diary. The writing is undoubtedly my uncle's."

Holmes moved the lamp, and we both bent over the sheet of paper, which showed by its ragged edge that it had indeed been torn from a book. It was headed, "March,

1869," and beneath were the following enigmatical notices :—

"4th. Hudson came. Same old platform.

"7th. Set the pips on McCauley, Paramore, and John Swain of St. Augustine.

"9th. McCauley cleared.

"10th. John Swain cleared.

"12th. Visited Paramore. All well."

"Thank you!" said Holmes, folding up the paper, and returning it to our visitor.

"And now you must on no account lose another instant. We cannot spare time even to discuss what you have told me. You must get home instantly, and act."

"What shall I do?"

"There is but one thing to do. It must be done at once. You must put this piece of paper which you have shown us into the brass box which you have described. You must also put in a note to say that all the other papers were burned by your uncle, and that this is the only one which remains. You must assert that in such words as will carry conviction with them. Having done this, you must at once put the box out upon the sun-dial, as directed. Do you understand?"

"Entirely."

"Do not think of revenge, or anything of the sort, at present. I think that we may gain that by means of the law; but we have our web to weave, while theirs is already woven. The first consideration is to remove the pressing danger which threatens you. The second is to clear up the mystery, and to punish the guilty parties."

"I thank you," said the young man, rising, and pulling on his overcoat. "You have given me fresh life and hope. I shall certainly do as you advise."

"Do not lose an instant. And, above all, take care of yourself in the meanwhile, for I do not think that there can be a doubt that you are threatened by a very real and imminent danger. How do you go back?"

"By train from Waterloo."

"It is not yet nine. The streets will be crowded, so I trust that you may be in safety. And yet you cannot guard yourself too closely."

"I am armed."

"That is well. To-morrow I shall set to work upon your case."

"I shall see you at Horsham, then?"

"No, your secret lies in London. It is there that I shall seek it."

"Then I shall call upon you in a day, or in two days, with news as to the box and the papers. I shall take your advice in every particular." He shook hands with us, and took his leave. Outside the wind still screamed, and the rain splashed and pattered against the windows. This strange, wild story seemed to have come to us from amid the mad elements—blown in upon us like a sheet of sea-weed in a gale—and now to have been reabsorbed by them once more.

Sherlock Holmes sat for some time in silence with his head sunk forward, and his eyes bent upon the red glow of the fire. Then he lit his pipe, and leaning back in his chair he watched the blue smoke rings as they chased each other up to the ceiling.

"I think, Watson," he remarked at last, "that of all our cases we have had none more fantastic than this."

"Save, perhaps, the Sign of Four."

"Well, yes. Save, perhaps, that. And yet this John Openshaw seems to me to be walking amid even greater perils than did the Sholtos."

"But have you," I asked, "formed any definite conception as to what these perils are?"

"There can be no question as to their nature," he answered.

"Then what are they? Who is this K. K. K., and why does he pursue this unhappy family?"

Sherlock Holmes closed his eyes, and placed his elbows upon the arms of his chair, with his finger-tips together. "The ideal reasoner," he remarked, "would, when he has once been shown a single fact in all its bearings, deduce from it not only all the chain of events which led up to it, but also all the results which would follow from it. As Cuvier could correctly describe a whole animal by the contemplation of a single bone, so the observer who has thoroughly understood one link in a series of incidents, should be able to accurately state all the other ones, both before and after. We have not yet grasped the results which the reason alone can attain to. Problems may be solved in the study which have baffled all those who have sought a solution by the aid of their senses. To carry the art, however, to its highest pitch, it is necessary that the reasoner should be able to utilise all the facts which have come to his knowledge, and this in itself implies, as you will readily see, a possession of all knowledge, which, even in these days of



"HIS EYES BENT UPON THE GLOW OF THE FIRE."

free education and encyclopædias, is a somewhat rare accomplishment. It is not so impossible, however, that a man should possess all knowledge which is likely to be useful to him in his work, and this I have endeavoured in my case to do. If I remember rightly, you on one occasion, in the early days of our friendship, defined my limits in a very precise fashion."

"Yes," I answered, laughing. "It was a singular document. Philosophy, Astronomy, and Politics were marked at zero, I remember. Botany variable, Geology profound as regards the mud-stains from any region within fifty miles of town, chemistry eccentric, anatomy unsystematic, sensational literature and crime records unique, violin player, boxer, swordsman, lawyer, and self-poisoner by cucaïne and tobacco. Those, I think, were the main points of my analysis."

Holmes grinned at the last item. "Well," he said, "I say now, as I said then, that a man should keep his little brain attic stocked with all the furniture that he is likely to use, and the rest he can put away in the lumber room of his library, where he can get it if he wants it. Now, for such a case as the one which has been submitted to us to-night, we need certainly to muster

all our resources. Kindly hand me down the letter K of the American Encyclopædia which stands upon the shelf beside you. Thank you. Now let us consider the situation, and see what may be deduced from it. In the first place, we may start with a strong presumption that Colonel Openshaw had some very strong reason for leaving America. Men at his time of life do not change all their habits, and exchange willingly the charming climate of Florida for the lonely life of an English provincial town. His extreme love of solitude in England suggests the idea that he was in fear of someone or something, so we may assume as a working hypothesis that it was fear of someone or something which drove him from America. As to what it was he feared, we can only deduce that by considering the formidable letters which were received by himself and his successors. Did you remark the postmarks of those letters?"

"The first was from Pondicherry, the second from Dundee, and the third from London."

"From East London. What do you deduce from that?"

"They are all sea ports. That the writer was on board of a ship."

"Excellent. We have already a clue. There can be no doubt that the probability—the strong probability—is that the writer was on board of a ship. And now let us consider another point. In the case of Pondicherry seven weeks elapsed between the threat and its fulfilment, in Dundee it was only some three or four days. Does that suggest anything?"

"A greater distance to travel."

"But the letter had also a greater distance to come."

"Then I do not see the point."

"There is at least a presumption that the vessel in which the man or men are is a sailing ship. It looks as if they always sent their singular warning or token before them when starting upon their mission. You see how quickly the deed followed the sign when it came from Dundee. If they had come from Pondicherry in a steamer they would have arrived almost as soon as their letter. But as a matter of fact seven weeks elapsed. I think that those seven weeks represented the difference between the mail boat which



brought the letter, and the sailing vessel which brought the writer."

"It is possible."

"More than that. It is probable. And now you see the deadly urgency of this new case, and why I urged young Openshaw to caution. The blow has always fallen at the end of the time which it would take the senders to travel the distance. But this one comes from London, and therefore we cannot count upon delay."

"Good God!" I cried. "What can it mean, this relentless persecution?"

"The papers which Openshaw carried are obviously of vital importance to the person or persons in the sailing ship. I think that it is quite clear that there must be more than one of them. A single man could not have carried out two deaths in such a way as to deceive a coroner's jury. There must have been several in it, and they must have been men of resource and determination. Their papers they mean to have, be the holder of them who it may. In this way you see K. K. K. ceases to be the initials of an individual, and becomes the badge of a society."

"But of what society?"

"Have you never—" said Sherlock Holmes, bending forward and sinking his voice—"have you never heard of the Ku Klux Klan?"

"I never have."

Holmes turned over the leaves of the book upon his knee. "Here it is," said he, presently, "Ku Klux Klan. A name derived from a fanciful resemblance to the sound produced by cocking a rifle. This terrible secret society was formed by some ex-Confederate soldiers in the Southern States after the Civil War, and it rapidly formed local branches in different parts of the country, notably in Tennessee, Louisiana, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida. Its power was used for political purposes, principally for the terrorising of the negro voters, and the murdering or driving from the country of those who were opposed to its views. Its outrages were usually preceded by a warning sent to the marked man in some fantastic but generally recognised shape—a sprig of oak-leaves in some parts, melon seeds or orange pips in others. On receiving this the victim might either openly abjure his former ways, or might fly from the country. If he braved the matter out, death would unfailingly come upon him, and usually in some strange and unforeseen manner. So perfect was the

organisation of the society, and so systematic its methods, that there is hardly a case upon record where any man succeeded in braving it with impunity, or in which any of its outrages were traced home to the perpetrators. For some years the organisation flourished, in spite of the efforts of the United States Government, and of the better classes of the community in the South. Eventually, in the year 1869, the movement rather suddenly collapsed, although there have been sporadic outbreaks of the same sort since that date."

"You will observe," said Holmes, laying down the volume, "that the sudden breaking up of the society was coincident with the disappearance of Openshaw from America with their papers. It may well have been cause and effect. It is no wonder that he and his family have some of the more implacable spirits upon their track. You can understand that this register and diary may implicate some of the first men in the South, and that there may be many who will not sleep easy at night until it is recovered."

"Then the page which we have seen—"

"Is such as we might expect. It ran, if I remember right, 'sent the pips to A, B, and C,'—that is, sent the society's warning to them. Then there are successive entries that A and B cleared, or left the country, and finally that C was visited, with, I fear, a sinister result for C. Well, I think, Doctor, that we may let some light into this dark place, and I believe that the only chance young Openshaw has in the meantime is to do what I have told him. There is nothing more to be said or to be done to-night, so hand me over my violin and let us try to forget for half an hour the miserable weather, and the still more miserable ways of our fellow men."

It had cleared in the morning, and the sun was shining with a subdued brightness through the dim veil which hangs over the great city. Sherlock Holmes was already at breakfast when I came down.

"You will excuse me for not waiting for you," said he; "I have, I foresee, a very busy day before me in looking into this case of young Openshaw's."

"What steps will you take?" I asked.

"It will very much depend upon the results of my first inquiries. I may have to go down to Horsham after all."

"You will not go there first?"

"No, I shall commence with the City.



"HOLMES," I CRIED, "YOU ARE TOO LATE."

Just ring the bell and the maid will bring up your coffee."

As I waited, I lifted the unopened newspaper from the table and glanced my eye over it. It rested upon a heading which sent a chill to my heart.

"Holmes," I cried, "you are too late."

"Ah!" said he, laying down his cup, "I feared as much. How was it done?" He spoke calmly, but I could see that he was deeply moved.

"My eye caught the name of Openshaw, and the heading 'Tragedy near Waterloo Bridge.' Here is the account: 'Between nine and ten last night Police-constable Cooke, of the H Division, on duty near Waterloo Bridge, heard a cry for help and a splash in the water. The night, however, was extremely dark and stormy, so that, in spite of the help of several passers-by, it was quite impossible to effect a rescue. The alarm, however, was given, and, by the aid of the water police, the body was eventually recovered. It proved to be that of a young gentleman whose name, as it appears from an envelope which was found in his pocket, was John Openshaw, and whose residence is near Horsham. It is conjectured that he may have been hurrying down to catch the last train from

Waterloo Station, and that in his haste and the extreme darkness, he missed his path, and walked over the edge of one of the small landing-places for river steam-boats. The body exhibited no traces of violence, and there can be no doubt that the deceased had been the victim of an unfortunate accident, which should have the effect of calling the attention of the authorities to the condition of the riverside landing stages."

We sat in silence for some minutes, Holmes more depressed and shaken than I had ever seen him.

"That hurts my pride, Watson," he said at last. "It is a petty feeling, no doubt, but it hurts my pride. It becomes a personal matter with me now, and, if God sends me health, I shall set my hand upon this gang. That he should come to me for help, and that I should send him away to his death——!" He sprang from his chair, and paced about the room in uncontrollable agitation, with a flush upon his sallow cheeks, and a nervous clasp and unclasp of his long, thin hands.

"They must be cunning devils," he exclaimed, at last. "How could they have decoyed him down there? The Embankment is not on the direct line to the station.

The bridge, no doubt, was too crowded, even on such a night, for their purpose. Well, Watson, we shall see who will win in the long run. I am going out now !”

“To the police ?”

“No ; I shall be my own police. When I have spun the web they may take the flies, but not before.”

All day I was engaged in my professional work, and it was late in the evening before I returned to Baker-street. Sherlock Holmes had not come back yet. It was nearly ten o'clock before he entered, looking pale and worn. He walked up to the sideboard, and, tearing a piece from the loaf, he devoured it voraciously, washing it down with a long draught of water.

“You are hungry,” I remarked.

“Starving. It had escaped my memory. I have had nothing since breakfast.”

“Nothing ?”

“Not a bite. I had no time to think of it.”

“And how have you succeeded ?”

“Well.”

“You have a clue ?”

“I have them in the hollow of my hand. Young Openshaw shall not long remain unavenged. Why, Watson, let us put their own devilish trade-mark upon them. It is well thought of !”

“What do you mean ?”

He took an orange from the cupboard, and, tearing it to pieces, he squeezed out the pips upon the table. Of these he took five, and thrust them into an envelope. On the inside of the flap he wrote “S. H. for J. O.” Then he sealed it and addressed it to “Captain James Calhoun, Barque *Lone Star*, Savannah, Georgia.”

“That will await him when he enters port,” said he, chuckling. “It may give him a sleepless night. He will find it as sure a precursor of his fate as Openshaw did before him.”

“And who is this Captain Calhoun ?”

“The leader of the gang. I shall have the others, but he first.”

“How did you trace it, then ?”

He took a large sheet of paper from his pocket, all covered with dates and names.

“I have spent the whole day,” said he, “over Lloyd’s registers and the files of the old papers, following the future career of every vessel which touched at Pondicherry in January and February in ’83. There were thirty-six ships of fair tonnage which

were reported there during those months. Of these, one, the *Lone Star*, instantly attracted my attention, since, although it was reported as having cleared from London, the name is that which is given to one of the States of the Union.”

“Texas, I think.”

“I was not and am not sure which ; but I knew that the ship must have an American origin.”

“What then ?”

“I searched the Dundee records, and when I found that the barque *Lone Star* was there in January, ’85, my suspicion became a certainty. I then inquired as to the vessels which lay at present in the port of London.”

“Yes ?”

“The *Lone Star* had arrived here last week. I went down to the Albert Dock, and found that she had been taken down the river by the early tide this morning, homeward bound to Savannah. I wired to Gravesend, and learned that she had passed some time ago, and as the wind is easterly, I have no doubt that she is now past the Goodwins, and not very far from the Isle of Wight.”

“What will you do, then ?”

“Oh, I have my hand upon him. He and the two mates are, as I learn, the only native born Americans in the ship. The others are Finns and Germans. I know also that they were all three away from the ship last night. I had it from the stevedore who has been loading their cargo. By the time that their sailing ship reaches Savannah the mail-boat will have carried this letter, and the cable will have informed the police of Savannah that these three gentlemen are badly wanted here upon a charge of murder.”

There is ever a flaw, however, in the best laid of human plans, and the murderers of John Openshaw were never to receive the orange pips which would show them that another, as cunning and as resolute as themselves, was upon their track. Very long and very severe were the equinoctial gales that year. We waited long for news of the *Lone Star* of Savannah, but none ever reached us. We did at last hear that somewhere far out in the Atlantic, a shattered sternpost of a boat was seen swinging in the trough of a wave, with the letters “L. S.” carved upon it, and that is all which we shall ever know of the fate of the *Lone Star*.

## London from Aloft.

"UP in a balloon, boys!" gaily snorts the band; "Yah, ber-loon!" howls the street-boy; and every man cricks his neck till his hat falls off behind when a balloon starts

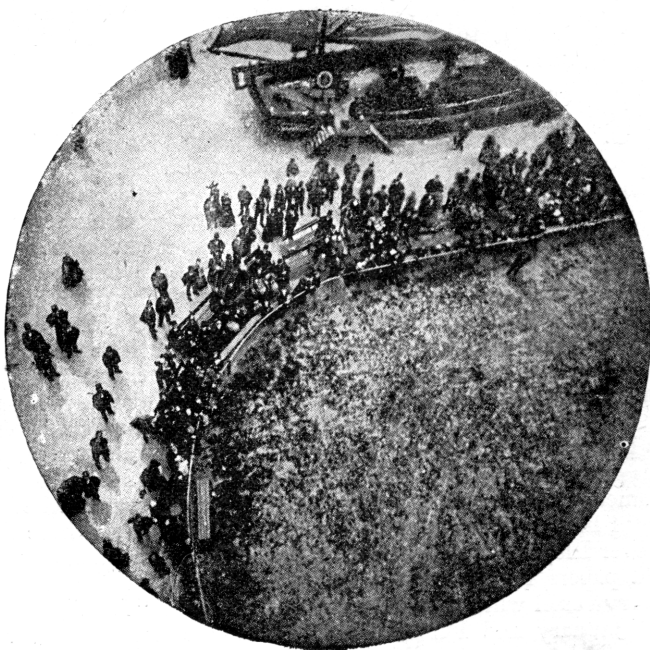


from a public ground; and, long after the aeronauts are floating in the silent softness above, and the bandmen have begun another tune, the cricking of necks still goes on, and for miles below the track of the big silk bag people rush out of door and pop heads out of window, and stare till the diminishing brown ball vanishes in the clouds or becomes hidden behind tall buildings; whereupon necks are straightened, and things proceed as usual. Probably no single man, woman, or child who thus has stared at a balloon within the hundred years or so in which balloons have existed, but has longed to experience, at any rate for a little while, the sensation of riding on the air and gazing at the great world below; but most haven't made the experiment, because balloons are wayward birds, and leave no man a will of his own as to the route—not to speak of dropping into the sea and bursting at an awkward moment. These are the reflections of those below, who let "I dare not" wait upon "I would," but those who know much of the matter know that the proportion of accidents to ascents is a very small one indeed, and little to be regarded in considering an ordinary trip on a fine day—such a trip, for instance, as has been again and again performed of late in Mr. Percival Spencer's balloon, "City of York," starting from the grounds of the Naval Exhibition.

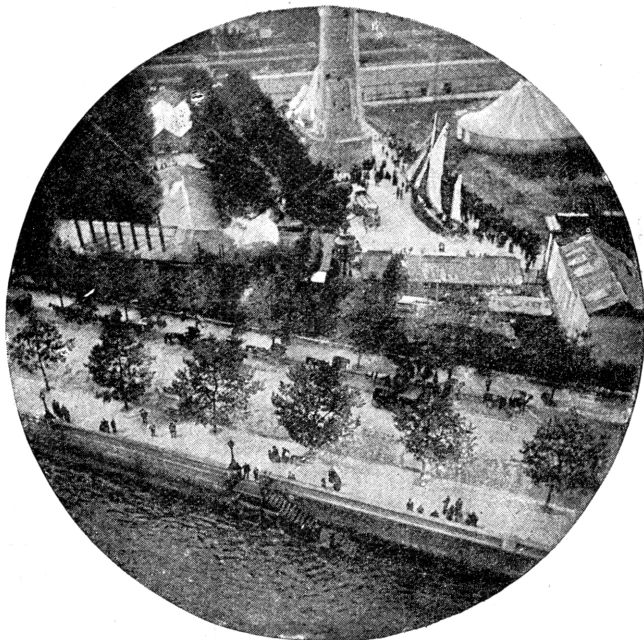
All this notwithstanding, there still remain those who will not easily be persuaded to practical "balloonacy"—as somebody calls it—and for the benefit of such we proceed to make an ascent in Mr. Spencer's balloon, carrying, in deputy for their eyes, an instantaneous "Kodak" camera.

Slowly and tediously, in the eyes of the impatient passengers, the gas swells the great silk bag, which sways and wobbles the more as it fills. When at last the proper degree of rotundity is arrived at, the ring is fixed in its proper place, and the car is connected to the ring. We have half a ton of ballast in bags of fifty pounds each, and a basket full of lighter ballast—no mere uninteresting, wasteful sand with which to sprinkle eyes and heads below, but neat little circulars, conveying information about a particular kind of whisky to thirsty souls who stare upward. We have also a long rope with a grapnel of great spikiness, with which to claw hold of the sinful world at such time as it may seem desirable to alight upon it.

These things being satisfactory, we get into the car with as much dignity as possible, in view of the popular admiration which surrounds us. Mr. Spencer, however, climbs up on to the ring, and this proceeding attracting to him more than his due share of public notice, we feel resentful, until we reflect that, after all, the car seats are a good deal the safer places. Then a rope is slipped, and—the grounds of the



"OUR FIRST PICTURE": THE NAVAL EXHIBITION GROUNDS.



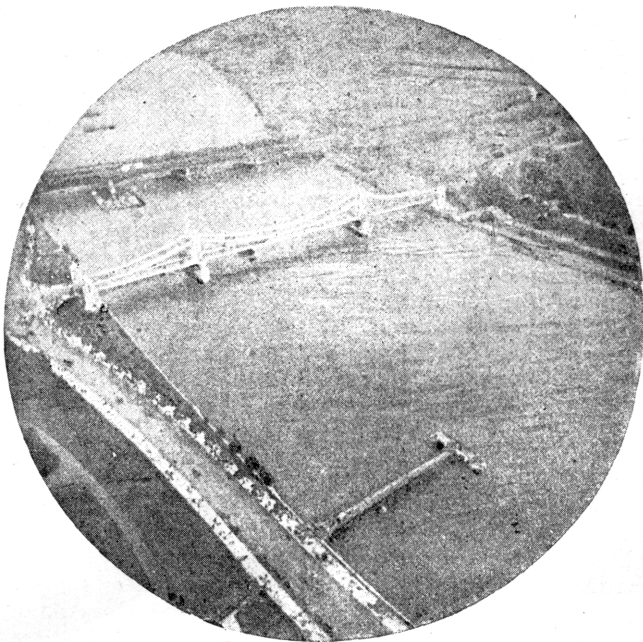
THE EMBANKMENT AND EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

Naval Exhibition, with all the people thereupon, begin to sink away from under us. We look down upon a thousand up-turned faces and open mouths, and we press the button of the detective camera. Snap! We have our first picture. But now that we look again at all those fast-receding people, it becomes plain that they cannot be people at all; they are black cribbage pegs, stuck carelessly into holes, and leaning in all kinds of impossible directions. Perhaps, however, since they move, they are people after all, in which case the yellow ground near the trawler must be a skating-rink, and they must all be in the act of curling about on the outside edge, at angles portending numberless "howlers." For such is the appearance of a crowd from a rising balloon.

Now the people become neither skaters nor cribbage pegs, but a larger kind of ant, and the Exhibition grounds and buildings seem an architect's coloured plan

on a small scale. We find ourselves in a current of air which carries us slowly over the Embankment and the river. We have snapped the shutter of our camera northward, over Embankment and grounds; and now, at a greater elevation, we turn to the other side, and take our third picture—of the river, Victoria Pier and two bridges, the dark railway bridge contrasting well with Chelsea bridge, glorious in white, yellow, and gold. But here stretches before us a picture which neither camera nor pen may do justice to, for London is all below, lying away for miles in every direction. From Richmond to the docks, from the Crystal Palace to the northern hills, the eye may sweep by the mere turn of the head; and still we rise and rise. Away through

the centre of the mighty panorama lies the Thames, like an inlay of shining steel, crossed by bridge after bridge, each growing narrower and blacker away toward the docks, where the ship-masts stand like fields



VICTORIA PIER AND CHELSEA BRIDGE.





BATTERSEA PARK.

of hop-poles. We have crossed the river, and below us is a large green plan, traversed by geometrical white lines. It is Battersea Park. Again we reach for the camera, and have another picture, taking in the park and the river beyond, and as much as possible of the town beyond that, slightly obscured by light wreaths of smoke. And now our direction changes. The lower currents of air have been variable, and we have been travelling in a different direction to that taken by the clouds overhead. Now, however, all winds seem to join from the south-west, and we recross the river. Far, far away below us are myriad roofs—it is Pimlico—and of these we take a photograph, as we hang somewhere over Grosvenor Station, just before the throwing out of certain ballast, which causes a rapid ascent. The streets may well be recognised in the photograph. Stretching right across in an oblique direction, almost through the middle of the picture is Lupus-street. Crossing it may be seen

Denbigh-street and Claverton-street, while, on the left, lying parallel, and joining Lupus-street at a different angle to Denbigh-street, are St. George's-road, Cambridge-street, with its church, Alderney-street and Winchester-street. Ranelagh-road and Rutland-street may be seen on the right.

Now we rise, and the little white streaks, which are streets, grow narrower still. Travelling still toward the north-east, we attain a height of 5,000 feet—just about a mile. Below us are Vincent-square, and the great Millbank Prison. Here we expose our sixth plate. In the picture the strange-looking hexagonal star, built up of pentagons, is Millbank Prison; Vincent-square is the dark patch to the left. The small round white things, near the prison, which look like iced birthday-cakes, are great gaso-

meters; to the right of the picture the river is seen, with Lambeth, Westminster, Charing Cross, and Waterloo Bridges; the darker patch up the picture, on the left, where the smoke and mist begin to obscure



PIMLICO.

detail, is St. James's Park ; on the south side of the river, St. Thomas's Hospital may be discerned, by the foot of Westminster Bridge ; and by the other end of the same bridge are the Houses of Parliament.

We are now in the midst of such a silence as exists nowhere on earth. In the most solitary parts of the land the air is always filled with unnoticed sounds—the running, working, and dying of insects ; the rustle of leaves or grass ; or the rickle and splash of water. Here there is nothing—absolutely nothing—for minutes together. One talks in order to make some sound and put an end to the odd feeling of soundlessness ; and the voice makes the surrounding stillness the more intense. Then, perhaps, comes faintly from below the toot of a steam-tug's signal, or the muffled shriek of a locomotive engine ; and all seems stiller than before.

The streets are mere alternating lines of black and white, and it takes a keen eye and a long sight to detect, even on the largest buildings, of which some sort of a side view is possible, the specks that mean doors and windows.

The balloon has turned half round since starting, so that he on the seat first looking south now looks north, and *vice versa*. This motion, like all other motion in this wonderful machine which carries us where the wind wills, is quite imperceptible. We are in a perfect stillness, while clouds above and the earth below move this way or that, as may be the case. The air is not the air of London, but that of the Lake Country on a clear day—bright, clean, and fresh. And so we pass on, over the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and Buckingham Palace.

Presently all below us grows just a little indistinct, as with a thin mist. At the same time the air grows cooler, and moist to the face. Above there is no blue sky—beyond the edge of the great gas bag it is white ; below it is foggier. Then all is densely white around, above, and below. We are in a cloud.

Suddenly we bound above the cloud, and all is warm sunshine. Below, the thick,

glistening, down-white clouds stretch away right and left in heavy folds ; and on this great white surface lies, twenty or thirty yards off, the clear, sharp-cut shadow of our balloon, perfect in every part. Above, the sky is deep and blue, flecked in a place or two with tiny streaks of cloud, which, Mr. Spencer tells us, must be 20,000 feet



MILLBANK AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

from the earth. We ourselves have not quite reached 8,000 feet.

Here we float in the great solitude, a little planet all by ourselves, with the blue sky and the sun above, and below the rolling clouds, which, in their season, bless and afflict the world far away lower still, with rain, hail, thunder, and lightning. It is a wrench to the mind at such a time as this to bring the thoughts back to so prosaic an article as a warranted detective camera with all the newest improvements, but it has to be done. For are not the readers of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE* waiting to see what clouds are like from above ?

We know that a photograph will not do justice to the splendour before us, but we touch the button ; and we have our seventh picture, shadow and all complete.

There is a smell of gas, which is a sign that the balloon has attained the utmost height consistent with the weight it has to carry. Up through the opening we can see into the balloon above, and through this



CLOUDS AND BALLOON SHADOW.

opening hangs the cord communicating with the valve at top. All seen through this hole is a transparent yellow, where the bright sun shines through the silk.

Our shadow on the clouds, which had been growing gradually smaller, now enlarges again as we fall. Soon it is nearly of full size, and then it becomes dim. The blue sky and the sun above look hazy, and round about we see and feel the cold mist. The shadow has vanished and we are in the white, moist cloud again. Down, down, down, although we feel it not, till the fog thins, becomes a mist, then a haze, and then vanishes, and we see mother earth below us again, and a white instead of a blue sky above.

But where is London? Where are the streets and the great buildings like pill-boxes, the shining river, and the bridges? Gone. All below is a vast patchwork quilt of varying colours and texture, green and yellow predominating, with no two patches of the same size or shape. It is the open country away in the north-west part of Essex, and what we see is a smiling English landscape of fertile fields. That glorious golden yellow is corn, and in those fields where it reddens we can point to the more forward of the crops. The hedges we only see as a join, and not a thick nor clumsy join either. The white streaks with the

easy curves are roads and lanes, and the dark, heavily piled velvet is a wood.

We are away from under all clouds, and the sun shines gloriously over everything. Look below and a little forward in the direction of our course. A dark spot flies fast over the bright patchwork, clearer in the yellow and pale green, less distinguishable in the heavy brown and the deep pile of the woods. It keeps exact pace with us, being always a little in front and to the right. It is the balloon's shadow again, now lying on the earth 4,000 feet below.

It is a magnificent map which lies below us; but to the untrained eye all is as flat as in any other map, but the experienced Mr. Spencer can point out hills and high grounds. There is the Great

Eastern Railway line. Follow the gravelly streak with the eye, and a little ahead you will find it looks broader. That is a cutting, consequently the ground rises there. Look a little further, and the line seems to end abruptly, beginning again a short distance further on. That is a tunnel, and we know that the rising ground has become a hill, and the space which breaks the line is the summit. Mr. Spencer can even judge pretty accurately, from the curves in the roads, where land rises and falls, and tells us that it is generally safe in these parts to assume that a long strip of uncultivated land marks the side of a hill.

For some time we follow the railway—a beautifully clean-cut line, with here and there a graceful, sweeping curve. By its side winds the river Stort, flowing to join the Lea a few miles behind us. There is also a canal, and both canal and river are mere tiny trickling threads of quicksilver. Away to the left lies a buff-coloured road following the same direction as the railway, the canal, and the river, and all four lie like a loose little bunch of coloured cords. Now we recognise the locality. We have lately passed Harlow, and the two or three little roofs which we are leaving away on the left are Sawbridgeworth. On we go above specks of villages till we pass over Bishop's Stortford—a mere little group of match boxes.

On and still on, with the railway line always in sight ; and now we begin to fall faster, for a cold air-current has caused the gas to contract. As we come within nearer range we prepare to make another photograph. We are about to pass over a private house, with conservatories, stabling, and other out-buildings, close by where several roads converge. Another snap and we have photograph number eight.

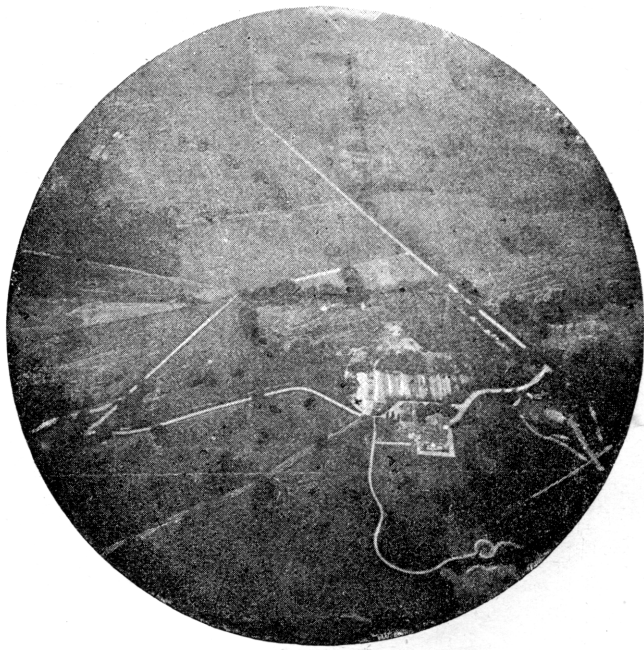
Now, as we near Saffron Walden, we fall very low indeed. That is to say, we get to an elevation of 500 feet, which Mr. Spencer calls very low, but which strikes us as quite long enough a fall to satisfy anybody. Then we get lower still, and we can see an intelligent peasantry dropping whatever they hold and starting off towards us at the double from all directions. Our trail-rope is 200 ft. long, and presently it touches. Then, with the relief from its weight, we descend slower and slower, then the car touches, and we rise with a bounce, only to settle down again in a minute or so. And so we swing merrily along at about twenty miles an hour 150 ft. off the ground, with 50 ft. of trail-rope behind us, which, at its pace, eludes every effort of many sons of the soil to grab it. With many a joyous gibe at the top of our voices for those below we sail along, and wonder whether they understand our airy chaff or mistake it for cries of distress.

At last an agricultural gentleman in a suit of corduroy and clay manages to intercept the rope and catch it, with a yell of triumph. Mr. Spencer shouts to him to let go, but he hangs on valiantly till the rope goes taut, and then—well, there is a hedge in the way, and for a single second we get a view of the soles of the agricultural gentleman's very large boots, and then he is sitting in a cabbage-field at the other side of the hedge, and wondering what that earthquake has done with his hat, while the rope drags away in the next field.

Now we cut off a corner of Suffolk with our trailing rope, and pull it into Cambridge-shire. The wind quiets down, and we go at something under fifteen miles an hour,

as the sun sinks away in the west, and the blue of the sky in the east deepens and deepens. All this time Mr. Spencer has regulated our height by a judicious expenditure of ballast, and now we are low enough to hear the voices of the enthusiastic populace, as they rush out of door with cries of " Balloon ! Balloon ! "

Soon we go very slowly indeed, and can talk to the people almost as easily as from the top of an omnibus. One fine old farmer in brown gaiters attracts Mr. Spencer's attention, and we think to take a rise out of the old gentleman by asking the way to Newmarket. With an innocence which almost reconciles us to returning to the deceitful world again, he tells us that we must turn to the left ; whereupon Mr. Spencer—mad wag, that Mr. Spencer—swarms up into the ring, and, seizing the neck of the balloon, whirls it round with



NORTH-EAST ESSEX—OVER THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.

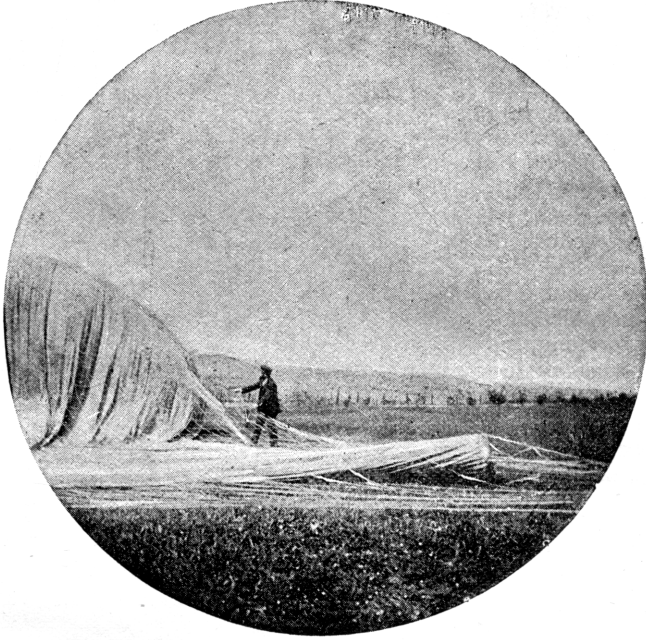
great energy, and asks our friend if that is enough. No ; just a little more, he thinks. One more whirl, and then, " All right, cap'en, now you're right ! " What a delightful old gentleman !

But now the wind shifts, and we find, after all, that Newmarket is like to be our destination. It is about ten miles ahead, and as we make towards it we are confident that the good old farmer standing

below will never allow any man to tell him that he never saw a steering balloon.

Near Newmarket we examine the ground, but it is woody, and unfavourable for a descent ; so up we go again, brushing tree-tops on our way over Lord Rutland's park. Clear of this, we open the valve and fall once more. At fifty feet high out goes the grapnel, and is immediately surrounded by a score of men. And so down we come, fair and softly, after nearly eighty miles of air travelling. Mr. Spencer proceeds to deflate the balloon, and in this operation we catch him with our camera, and so take our very last picture of this memorable day—this time, however, with a full three-seconds exposure, for the light is not what

it was. Then, the balloon having been most marvellously packed into the basket, we scale a cart and trot off, with many jolts and joggles, for Newmarket station, and with little love for road travelling after nearly four hours in the "City of York" balloon. And so home, as our old friend Pepys might have said, with much pretty discourse, and vowing that many things might be worse than an afternoon in a balloon ; while in time of war, when one might snap the merry camera on the wrathsome foe below in all his dispositions and devices, and in good safety drop the joyous bombshell upon the top of his hapless head—forsooth what a fine thing must be that !





## Wife or Helpmeet?

### STUDY OF A WOMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JEANNE MAIRET.

[JEANNE MAIRET (Madame Charles Bigot) was born at Paris, of American parents—her father being George P. Healy, the portrait painter—and educated partly in America and partly in France. She married a literary man, Professor Bigot, of the Military School of St. Cyr. Two of her tales—"Marca" and "La tache du petit Pierre" have been crowned by the French Academy.]

"T last, here are the *sabots* for Madame!"

It was quite an event. The lady's maid had been on the look-out for their arrival for an hour past; even the cook had got interested in them; Madame could scarcely contain her impatience, so when her maid's cry of pleasure reached her, she rushed forward. What loves of *sabots*! Ferry, the maker of pretty shoes for pretty feet, had surpassed himself. They were good enough imitations of wooden shoes to be mistaken for the real articles, only they were coquettish and light. Tan kid, well-stretched over a dainty shape, turned up at the tips, and delicately arched for the instep, fit for the dainty feet of a Parisian *élégante*.

All the pretty "miller's wife" costume spread out on the bed would have been a total failure without the *sabots*, and Madame Karl du Boys was determined to have the prettiest costume at the ball. This peasant ball, given by Madame Demol, the fashionable portrait painter—a charming woman, beloved by everybody—was to be the event of the season in the world of fashion. It had been talked of for a month past. The studio of the fair artist was to be decorated in a manner to suggest country life: the supper tables groaning under a load of viands whose forms at least would have rendered them appetising to a company of peasants. That is to say, the ices were to be

shaped like carrots and turnips, and the most exquisite dainties were to be disguised under rustic exteriors. The conversation of the guests was likewise to be borrowed from rural districts. All the refined circle, tired of the usual drawing-room correctness, promised itself enjoyment in this counterfeit simplicity, just as Marie Antoinette took pleasure in milking her cows.

"If Madame would try on all the costume? We cannot tell—perhaps there may be something amiss here or there!"



"SHE LOOKED A DAINTY MILLER'S WIFE."

Madame was not hard to persuade. She looked a dainty miller's wife, out of a comic opera. The bright red petticoat was very short, the woollen apron draped to look like an overskirt, tightly drawn back and gathered into a large puff below the waist; the enormous straw hat was furnished with a miniature windmill perched on the crown; a fairy's flour sack slung on the shoulder, and the *sabots*—the pretty little *sabots*! She was greatly amused to see herself thus, and while watching her reflection in the mirror, she thought of her youth, how dull it had been, and pitied it.

Jeanne Reynard was only a Parisian since her marriage; this will explain how it happened that she was now more Parisian than anybody else. Her father, a merchant of Rouen, had given her a hundred thousand francs as dowry, and at twenty-two she had been married to Karl du Boys, whom she had known in her childhood, under the name of Charles Dubois, a poor neighbour.

The poor neighbour had become one of the great men of his country, and it was considered that little Jeanne had been lucky in marrying him. Jeanne was now of the same way of thinking herself. Karl du Boys had made a place apart for himself in literature. Without being a man of genius, he had much talent, of the supple kind which lends itself easily to the popular vein of the moment—novelist, journalist, critic, historian, as the occasion suited. Everything he did was easy, prettily turned, airy, and light, and amusing. He seemed to be himself the incarnation of good humour, and at an epoch when most literature was of a sad and depressing character, despairing woe forming the chief element both in romance and in verse, the good, healthy tone of Karl du Boys' writings brought something like a requisite consolation to the minds of the general public. Success flowed in on him with a rapidity sufficient to turn a head less solidly planted than Karl's, but he was wise in his intelligence; the exaggerated eulogy which would have placed him on a level with writers of real genius he treated with a protesting shrug of the shoulders. He had the rare virtue of modesty.

The marriage had been brought about, like many other marriages, by a train of circumstances rather than through any irresistible attraction between the two interested parties. Mother Dubois had always coveted little Reynard and her hundred thousand francs for her son: the ease,

which had come by degrees through this son, had put her at last on a footing of equality with the Reynards; her ambition stopped there. They might talk to her as they liked about her son being able to find a more brilliant match for himself in Paris now that his name was so often in the papers. She shook her head; with a marriage like that she would have nothing to do. She wished, in marrying her son, to give him a wife of her own choosing. She made the first advances; Monsieur Reynard hesitated. The merchant, who had gained his fortune little by little, put small confidence in fame so sudden and wide as this; but when the young man had paid a visit to Rouen, and he had seen him so *fêted* and coveted by other families, he decided to consult his daughter. The young people saw each other after a long period of separation, for Jeanne had been at school, and Karl had rarely visited Rouen. She found him charming; the name which he had recast from the paternal one, and which he had rendered celebrated, did not displease her; besides, she was wearied to death of her dull existence. Her mother was dead; her two sisters married and far away; her father, absorbed in his business, took her nowhere into society: and her greatest pleasure in life was to listen to Madame Dubois singing the praises of her wonderful son.

Karl, when he paid that visit, had no intention of marrying. He was barely thirty, and his bachelor life in Paris in no wise disagreed with his tastes. However, this little neighbour, whom he had dandled on his knees; this young girl, whom he encountered in the kindly intimacy of his mother's house, set him dreaming of domestic happiness; he never knew exactly how it happened, but, when he left Rouen, he was engaged to Mademoiselle Reynard, and the wedding day was set. He was too busy to be a very ardent lover: he wrote to Jeanne every week, and received timid little replies, which gave Jeanne an infinitude of trouble—to write to a novelist frightened her. She was greatly astonished to find the letters of this novelist very simple and natural, and as far differing as possible from what she imagined should be the style of a literary man. In point of fact, they knew very little of each other when marriage threw them into each other's arms.

Karl soon became sincerely attached to his young wife; there was no passion in his

fondness, however; he was absorbed in his work. The poetry in his composition was used up in the exciting scenes of his romances; in real life, the middle-class man, fond of his ease, demanding no more than the comfort and peace of an affection which was kindly, and not too exacting, claimed the upper hand. He was affectionate, attentive, always good-humoured — the easiest man in the world to live with. Jeanne never dreamt of any cause for complaint; she thought herself very happy, and if, now and again, a scarcely acknowledged yearning after something more came over her in her sadder moments, she quickly reproached herself with ingratitude; she compared her life of dreary dullness, as a young girl, with her life as a woman, and concluded, like her friends at Rouen, that she had been uncommonly lucky.

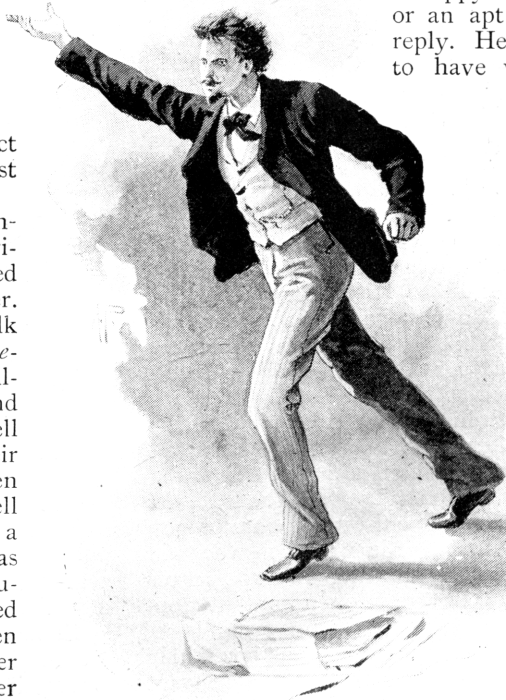
On her first arrival in Paris, she felt at once that she had a great deal to learn, a great deal more to forget. She was humble and unobtrusive; the timidity of the young bride from the provinces who felt herself strange in an unknown country excused her silence, while the vivacious intelligence in her eyes precluded the possibility of belief in her dullness. She studied and prepared herself that her husband should never have cause to blush for an awkwardness on her part, nor for an ignorance innocently displayed. Jeanne had feminine tact in a high degree, and an almost morbid fear of ridicule.

By degrees she grew hardy; without having really any great originality, she had plenty of spirited life and gaiety natural to her. People began to notice and talk about her; finally, she was *somebody*. With the years, too, the well-being of their house was more and more established, and they were well off. At the commencement of their married life, the du Boys had been content with a suite of rooms, well furnished, indeed; but, after all, a suite like anybody else's. Karl was making at the rate of twenty thousand francs a year, and considered himself rich, and at the time when Madame du Boys was disguising her elegant, though, perhaps, rather slender person (she was lissom and graceful, however) as the miller's

wife, for a masked ball, the suite had been exchanged for a delightful little house on the Avenue de Villiers some two years since.

Jeanne, slightly dazzled, enjoyed this prosperity to the full. The six years of her married life had formed her character; her timidity, which had become useless to her, was cast aside, like the short frocks of her girlhood. This life of movement, this life of worldly pleasure, had, by degrees, become necessary to her. Her husband had never associated her in any way with his work; he had considered her as a child, ignorant enough, brought up in the narrowing boundary of her father's commercial surroundings, without much regard to intellectual ideas. He had noted, with pleasure, that she did not lack natural intelligence; but of the changes which had taken place in her since her marriage he took very slight note, he was so fully taken up with his work. His study was a sacred place, even for his wife. Silence was a necessity to him, as was also complete isolation. He required a wide space to walk up

and down in while he gesticulated wildly, in pursuit of a happy inspiration or an apt and neat reply. He had come to have whims as



"HE GESTICULATED WILDLY."

to his methods of working ; his paper must be cut in a certain way ; the pens placed always in the same place ; the disorder of his writing-table was to be respected : all this was necessary, and this, the most amiable man in the world, would go into a temper, like a spoiled child, over a stroke too much or too little of a housemaid's feather wand.

Thus, little by little, the lives of these two, who were fond of each other certainly, drifted apart. The worker, more and more absorbed, went his way ; the pleasure-seeker, more and more enthralled, followed hers. Karl was pleased at his wife's success ; he reposed a blind confidence in her, a husband's confidence, which, on the other hand, was entirely justified. He was content to bestow the luxury she appreciated so well ; he smiled with almost paternal indulgence at her costly toilettes, and her perfectly ruinous extravagances. He had no fear for the future : even if a child were born to them—that child, so hoped for at the first, and even yet desired, only less ardently—what of it ? He was still young, and capable of even harder toil yet ! He felt himself full of life and vigour, and faced the future with undaunted brow and smiling lips. The intimacy of their first years was almost at an end ; life willed it so ; but they remained good friends—comrades, rather ; lovers by fits and starts. Never did a sharp word interrupt the harmony of their existence ; they were looked upon as quite a model pair ; nevertheless—

Nevertheless, Jeanne more than half acknowledged to herself that they, unwittingly, insensibly, had taken different roads, and that, year by year, these roads had been gently but surely diverging more widely. Absence was no longer a thing to be dreaded ; they were glad to be together again, but they could do without each other and feel no discomfort ; the occupations which they had created for themselves almost completely filled up their lives. Karl went into society with his wife when he could manage it ; but, oftener, he left her in the hands of an intimate friend, an accomplished woman of the world, who had *formed* the little provincial dame. The theatre took up a good many of his evenings ; when the play promised to be amusing his wife accompanied him, but more often he went alone. She did not see the fun of being bored, merely for the pleasure of being bored in his company ; besides, she had so many engagements he thought it quite natural, and did not feel hurt.

The little "miller's wife," looking at her own reflection in the glass, while her maid altered a fold of her skirt, thought about all these things, and suddenly she asked herself what the future had in store for her ; seeing far, very far off, not without secret terror, old age, the old age of two people living together, with none of those mutual souvenirs which render old age sweet. She would have liked to rush off to her husband, to show herself to him, make him, perhaps, admire and caress her a little ; she might force him to forget his eternal papers for a minute to say that he thought her pretty, and that he loved her !

But Karl had gone out. He was writing a great novel, on whose success he counted much. For one chapter of this romance he required to describe certain details of machinery in a manufactory, and one of his acquaintances had taken him to a large establishment not far from Paris. Jeanne was annoyed ; she was afraid that he might be detained, and she had set her heart on his accompanying her to this peasant ball. It was already two o'clock in the afternoon. Oh, if he should be detained !

"Make it up out of your head ; nobody will know the difference," she had said in the easy jargon which came to her so readily.

Karl had felt somewhat hurt : he prided himself on getting his scenes as "real" as possible ; by nature and education he was romantic, but "realism" was now fashionable, and he, also, must venter his imaginary surroundings with this "realism" so much in vogue. In this frame of mind, then, he had gone away with his friend, and his parting kiss to his wife had been bestowed with the coldness of irritation.

She remembered this ; before, she had been too much taken up with her dress to think about it, and now it took all the pleasure out of her self-admiration. Suddenly she heard a noise below, at the hall door.

"There he is !" she thought.

Relieved and joyful, she amused herself with the idea of presenting herself before him in this costume, hoping only that he might have returned alone, and that his friend had not come with him. She did not like the friend.

She sprang out on to the staircase and called him by name. Suddenly she stopped short, silent, holding on by the baluster ; her eyes starting from her head ; her face pale in an instant ; for there, at the entrance



"CARRYING SOMETHING WHICH LOOKED LIKE A HUMAN BODY."

of her house, was a mournful group of workmen carrying something which looked like a human body; the hand hanging down was white like death; the head covered over with a linen bandage smeared with blood—bright red; and Jeanne comprehended that it was her husband they were bringing home in this way.

The morning friend was there, and came hurriedly to her, taking her hands.

"A terrible explosion! He is not dead—I swear to you, he is not dead!"

She took everything upon her that was to be done. She felt as though she were giving her orders in some frightful dream. Without a cry, without a tear, she helped to undress her husband. Only once, when the handkerchief which covered his face was removed, she felt on the point of giving way. He was unrecognisable; the flesh was ploughed into furrows, with pieces hanging here and there. He had all the appearance of death, but the heart still beat. Suddenly raising her eyes, she saw herself in a mirror; pale-faced, haggard-eyed, and her carnival dress, on which were

bloody spots showing here and there. Shuddering, she ran to her room, and, tearing off her festal rags, returned to the bedside of her husband.

That was a horrible night. She listened to the doctors in consultation, and gathered but one idea from them: all hope was not lost. Karl had awakened from his long faint, and seemed to be suffering frightfully. She fancied she heard him speak her own name, and then, for the first time, the tears came into her eyes, but only for a minute; she had need of all her self-control. A terrible fever had set in, and with it came delirium.

At last, after dreadful days and sleepless nights, they told her that her husband would not die. A momentary relaxation of the contracted muscles of her face was her only sign of joy. The silent concentration she displayed astonished everybody. She seemed to live only to minister to the sick man, like a machine working in some marvellous way. The doctor, who was also a friend

of the family, was rather uneasy about this dumb silence in a woman usually so stirring, and lively, and prattling as Jeanne was. One day he sat down beside her; and, while talking gently to her, going into small details of things with a view to interesting her and making her talk a little, he gave her to understand that the coming back to life after such an accident was little short of a miracle. The explosion had been frightful. Three workmen had been killed on the spot, and a dozen others wounded. Several of these latter had since succumbed to their injuries. Karl had sustained no serious fracture, although his whole body had been covered with bruises. It was in the face that he had been worst attacked; it had been terribly scalded by the steam—the doctor hesitated, and looked at the young wife. She caught that look, full of pity.

"He will be disfigured for life?" She spoke low.

"We cannot tell at present; there will certainly be deep scars; but——"

"But what, then?"



"My poor child, you will need all your courage, all your devotion. The sight is lost—at least, we fear so."

Jeanne, who had been so brave since the first day; who had excited the admiration of the doctors, whom she had done her best, so gallantly, to second in their endeavours, felt all her fine courage desert her in an instant. She rose upright, and scanned the doctor's face for one second to see whether this sentence was without appeal, then fell her full length, unconscious, on the floor.

were finally removed from the poor scarred face, and Karl first realised that he was blind, it was she who bore the brunt of that first terrible explosion of despair, the despair of a man struck down in full career, a man who finds himself dead to all intents and purposes, whilst in the very midst of life.

The dangerous period once past, and the long course of the malady established in all its dull monotony, the visits of the doctor became fewer and farther apart, and Jeanne was left very solitary with her sick

husband. Life came slowly back to him; he experienced that languor which is the outcome of extreme weakness; that absorbing somnolence incident to beginning existence all over again. Oftenest an oppressive silence reigned in the darkened room. Jeanne, with idle hands in her lap, and wide-opened eyes seeing nothing they seemed to be looking at, but sending their gaze far, very far into that future which frightened her, would remain for hours without once moving. She repeated to herself, without altogether being able to realise it—

"Blind! and then, what?" And this "what?" showed her such dreadful possibilities, that she shivered with terror. What tormented her was not alone the thought of

that frightful night into which a man of thirty-six, full of vigour, who had not yet even arrived at the full fruition of his mental strength, had been suddenly plunged; that startling arrest of activity which had become already proverbial with his colleagues. No doubt, she felt great pity for her husband; but there was mingled with it a sort of angry irritation. If he had listened to her, only for once, if he had but indulged her feminine caprice, all this would never have happened; but this man, who was so amiable in many ways,



"FELL UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR"

From this time forth she seemed to undergo a slow revolution. She measured her strength, and thought of the task which was set before her, and trembled to find it insufficient. It would have taken a closer observer than were those friends who approached her most nearly, to discover the slightest change in that *petite* Madame du Boys, whose praises were in everybody's mouth. Her devotion was unlimited. The doctors were not sufficiently courageous to tell the sorrowful truth, themselves, to their patient; and the day on which the bandages

would never take any advice but his own ; and while she pitied him, she pitied herself too, greatly. It was in some degree her husband's fault, if the artificial life she had been leading for the past few years had become necessary to her, and in that artificial life abundant means were an essential factor. Abundance was no longer possible. Several times she went all over their pretty house, quietly, moving like a shadow, as though afraid to break the silence which now reigned throughout it. She felt the soft draperies, looked lovingly at the costly nick-nacks, and a sudden remembrance came to her which froze her blood. Long ago, in her childhood, she remembered once when her father had thought himself ruined, and, all at once, comfort disappeared out of the house. She was very young at the time, but she seemed to see again the troubled face of her mother, worried with the small contrivings of a poverty which would try to conceal itself under a false appearance of well-being. The struggle to make ends meet, the miserable meals, the old dresses made over again, and, above all, the melancholy which brooded in moody silence over the house, broken only by the vexatious murmurings of small cares. The amenities of life often followed on the heels of fortune.

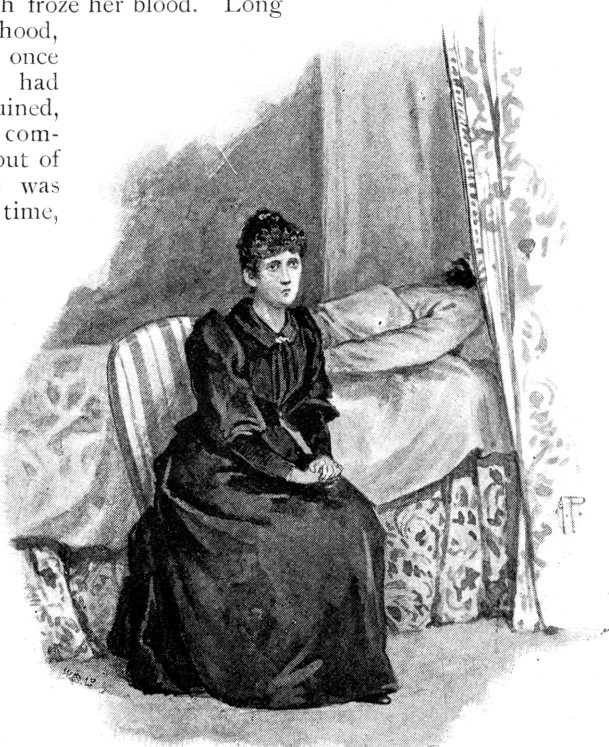
Ruin was now at her door indeed ; if not quite ruin, at least privation. Sitting beside her husband's bed, she mused on all these things, and, having a lively imagination, she saw herself in the depths of poverty, alone, abandoned by society and her friends even ; for evermore in the close companionship of one sad, unfortunate man, whom fate compelled to

idleness, and from whom, little by little, she had become detached, so to speak. She acknowledged this to herself in a whisper. In the early years of their married life she had asked nothing better than to love her husband with all her heart. She brought him her virgin heart, on whose purity no passing maiden's fancy even had ever traced a shadow, and he had not been able to estimate his prize at its full value. He had treated her like a child, a child to be indulged and gratified with toys and sweet-

meats, and the gifts had gradually become more precious to her than the affection of the giver.

Karl had been brought up in a world which hardly allows women to enter really into its fold ; not from want of affection, but from the conviction that, their education being so different, they are necessarily lacking in point of intellectual contact. From whatever cause, whether a slovenly habit of thought with regard to women, or, perhaps, from a scarcely to

be so called contempt, or that monstrously stupid idea that the intellectual man requires a reposeful corresponding inanity on the part of his wife, Karl had never treated Jeanne as a true helpmeet. Jeanne had accepted the place assigned to her, but not without always having indignantly resented it. Drawn irresistibly into the vortex of fashion—and she could find nothing to reproach herself for in having been so drawn ; on the contrary, she gloried in it ; it was a requisite of her highly-strung, nervous organisation—this resentment rarely ap-



"SITTING BESIDE HER HUSBAND'S BED SHE MUSED ON ALL THESE THINGS."

peared on the surface. Now that she had all the time to do nothing but think of these things, she thought about them with a vengeance.

She refused to see anybody. Every day a small heap of cards and letters was brought to her, but the heap became smaller every day, naturally. You cannot force a door which remains obstinately shut ; but she saw abandonment in the decreasing pile. She was morbidly susceptible to every fancied slight. At the time of the accident the newspapers had been full of eulogies

The weeks dragged slowly by, and at length the sick man was able to get up. Life came back in him : one might almost say that the poor face, in spite of the scars, regained much of its old appearance, only the eyes were dreadful to look upon. Karl remained very depressed, and absorbed in thoughts which might easily be read in his countenance. Knowing that Jeanne was constantly near him, taking care of him, reading to him aloud when he felt well enough to listen, all gentleness and devotion, he would have liked to thank her, but

did not know how to set about doing so. With a sick man's sensitiveness, he divined the change in his wife. She did her duty courageously, but still it was her *duty*: devoted and attentive as she was, there was one thing which betrayed her, and that was her voice. You may train your countenance, your words, your gestures to hide the feelings, but the voice rebels against constraint, it takes its subtle inflexions from your inmost thoughts—the sweetest of voices may have cruel cadences, and is cold and blank when the heart remains unresponsive. The blind man, whose hearing was growing extremely sensitive, was bewildered at times, trying not so much to understand the actual meaning of his wife's sentences, as striving to account for the peculiar intonations of her voice.

The financial situation, however, had to be faced. The expenses of the du Boys' housekeeping amounted to, at least, fifty thousand francs a year. Even by cutting down superfluities—the carriage from the livery stables, the man-servant, and a good many other luxuries which had become useless—Jeanne decided that there was no possible means of keeping on their house in the Avenue de Villiers. Karl was strongly opposed to this change. If he were blind, his brain remained intact. With a secretary to aid him, he could continue his work : not all, indeed—that part of it which demanded contact with active life, life out of doors, was now impossible. Jeanne tried to make him understand that it was exactly



"SHE READ THEM JEALOUSLY."

and articles more or less resembling obituary notices of Karl du Boys ; now that people were reassured about him, the papers wrote about other subjects. She read them jealously, every day, and when his name no longer appeared, she felt grieved and hurt. It seemed to her as though the silence of the tomb were round them both.

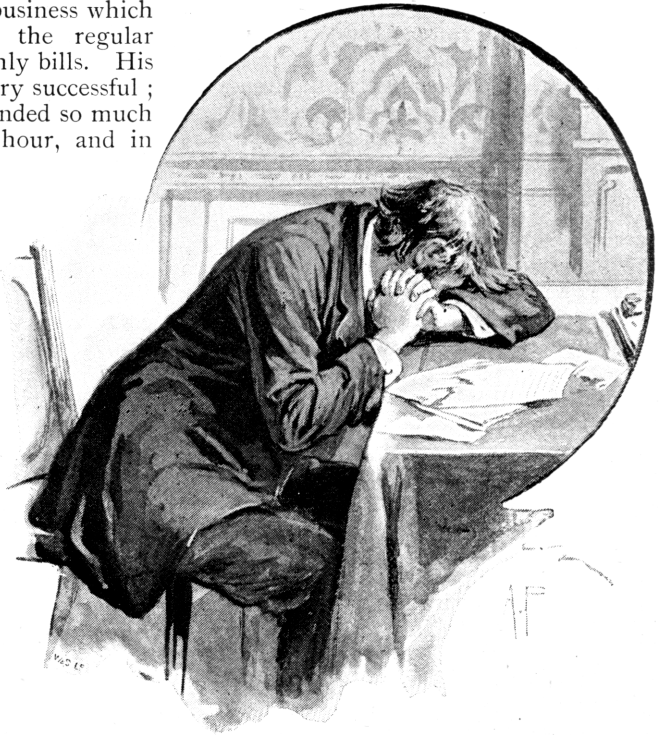
Sometimes a bill or two would crop up in her pile of letters ; tradesmen demanding payment. These scented their downfall, then ? Among these latter was one of fifty francs for the *sabots*—ah, the *sabots* ! That day Jeanne wept.

those impossible ends of the business which supplied their daily bread, the regular income which paid the monthly bills. His stories, it is true, had been very successful; but success of this kind depended so much on the popular taste of the hour, and in her heart, Jeanne, who judged her husband's powers with a lucidity which frightened herself, had small faith in the enduring qualities of this kind of success. Meantime, the long illness had been expensive; all their small stock of savings had been swallowed up by it.

Jeanne took a sort of savage pleasure in despoiling herself of the luxuries which had been hitherto her everyday necessities; her happiness had been bound up in them. She made all the arrangements; decided for both as to their future mode of living; and Karl, after the first resistance, let her do as she pleased. She found a suite of rooms at a modest rent, and fixed the day of their taking possession.

All these multifarious occupations left her little time to spend with her husband. He, nearly recovered now, consented to see some of his friends, but all the spirit had gone out of him; this man, who had formerly been so light-hearted, stirring, and gay and active, seemed plunged in a sort of painful stupor. One eye was entirely lost, but, contrary to all expectations, the other eye retained a feeble amount of its seeing power. Karl could distinguish the general outline of objects in his immediate vicinity. He could go about by himself from one room to another, but this piece of unhelped-for good fortune did not seem to cheer him much; so long as he found it impossible to write, everything else was a matter of perfect indifference to him.

Often he would remain for hours together, scarcely budging, refusing admittance to everybody, asking only to be left alone in his silent isolation. He was trying to recover his old powers—seeking ideas for a story, striving to depict a scene of his novel, but all his efforts were without result, the stupor had chained his brain as well as his body, and he could find nothing—nothing. The night was round about him, sad and



"WITHOUT HOPE FOR THE MORROW."

dark, without hope for the morrow, and while he mourned his loss as an author, his heart as a man was frozen by the maddening, gentle coldness of his wife. Their intimate relationship was becoming almost embarrassing; he no longer knew what to say to her. Quite shocked, he asked himself how they had arrived at such a point, but he could find no solution of the mystery. The future frightened him, with the tormenting dread of a nightmare.

Three months after the accident, the du Boys were installed on the fourth story of a large house on the Quai de la Tournelle. The house was cold and old, with a wide staircase, and vast, high rooms, whose ceilings were upheld by enormous joists. Red tiles replaced the glancing waxed floors they were accustomed to; and on the whole, it was not very accommodating, but, at least, there was room for their books, which was very essential, and the rent was low, which was even more essential still.

Great catastrophes have their smaller sides. Everyday cares deduct in some measure from heroic misfortune, and prevent the victims from losing themselves altogether in the contemplation of their

own troubles; happy for us that it is so. Jeanne, obliged to plan and calculate, to exert herself, indeed, to the utmost, was too tired when she could claim a moment's repose, to realise fully all the change that had come into her life; but when all was finished, and their future arranged in all its undoubted monotony; when this wedded pair settled down to an unending companionship, what should have constituted the supreme happiness of this woman became an insupportable torment.

One day their solitude was broken in upon by a friend, the society dame under whose auspices Jeanne had made her *début* in the Parisian world. Her daughter was going to be married, and she was giving a grand party on the occasion of the signing of the contract. She insisted on having Jeanne at this great function. "The poor child was killing herself." She believed in conjugal devotion; but one might have too much of that sort of thing. A pretty benefit she was doing her husband by killing herself, all through taking too much care of him. Karl prayed Jeanne to accept the invitation. "He was very well now, and she required some recreation." She fancied he showed a kind of satisfaction in the thought of passing a whole evening without her company—one word would have held her; but he insisted, and she accepted. Karl thought she was not very difficult to persuade.

Jeanne felt out of place in the midst of this world of society, by which, however, her appearance was hailed with pleasure. She saw more curiosity than good feeling in the attitude of her old friends, who lavished their attentions upon her. Time passes quickly in Paris; there were those there who, not calculating how many months had elapsed since the accident, looked upon her almost in the light of a woman who was neglecting her duty to her sick husband. Several times she was on the point of bursting into tears when someone asked her about him.

She stole away early, tortured by remorse, tormented also by a vague feeling which

was gradually becoming more definite to her. Her place was no longer with those who live only for amusement, to whom life is one long carnival. Before her rose her duty, grave, and stern, and menacing, admitting of no dividing interest claiming her.

She glided softly into her husband's chamber with a beating heart; she was ready to greet one word of tenderness with an outburst of pity, near neighbour to love. The heroic sacrifice seemed no longer an impossibility: if she could be sure of Karl's affection all would yet be well.

The room, dimly lighted by a night-lamp and the dying fire, was all silent. Karl was asleep. She came closer to the bed and gazed at him a long time; then something cruel slid into her thought. He was not really asleep; but was only pretending, so that he might not have to talk to her; the short, laboured breathing was not the regular breathing of natural slumber; the body, also, was too rigidly immovable. She retired noiselessly; but in an instant all the



"SHE GAZED AT HIM A LONG TIME."



generosity of sacrifice, vowed while her heart was full, died away. She would do her duty, certainly, for she was an honest woman ; but it appalled her—she revolted at it. What had she ever done to be singled out for misery in this way ?

Karl still intended to continue his work, but every day, whether it was that the painful memories awakened by the interrupted story impressed him still too strongly, or whether the torpidity of his faculties had not yet passed away, he always put it off till to-morrow. At length he told his wife that he expected a secretary, who had been recommended by one of his best friends. All that night he could not sleep ; nervous excitement made him feverish. He recapitulated the incidents in the chapter to be written, just as a general passes in review those troops in which he has not too much confidence on the eve of a battle.

The secretary, a young professor, who was at Paris for the purpose of attending the public debating classes, arrived at the hour mentioned. He was an intelligent young fellow, but awkward to a degree, without tact, and voluble in expressions of condolence and admiration, mingled in an exasperating manner. Karl du Boys, who was courtesy and politeness personified, tried to keep down his temper ; but every movement of this well-meaning auxiliary grated upon the quivering nerves of the excited author, who suffered torture with every ill-chosen word. Everything about him was offensive ; his manner of settling himself to write ; the scratching of the pen between his fingers ; the discreet little cough by which he signified that a sentence was finished ; all irritated the unfortunate man, and paralysed his powers. Nevertheless he persisted, in spite of all this. He could not see the slight lifting of the eyebrows which greeted his embarrassed paragraphs, his absurd tirades ; but he could divine, by the momentary hesitations which occurred occasionally, that his secretary judged him, and that he condemned him pitilessly. In his eyes he was an author doomed.

The unhappy man recalled his working hours in the beautiful studio, where he could walk up and down with long strides ; where silence was maintained with religious care ; the servants banished from that part of the house which was sacred to its master ; all prying eyes kept at a distance by his wife's watchfulness—she herself keeping out of the way, for fear of disturbing him. And now, to show up his inmost thoughts in all

their nakedness before this stranger ; to display the skeleton of his work, to clothe it painfully under the gaze of those unsympathetic eyes, which he could feel were fixed in astonishment on his own sightless orbs. No, he could never do it !

Yet still he wished to go on. The tick-tack of the clock told the passing time : the sweat stood in beads on his forehead ; his nervous fingers clutched the arms of his chair convulsively ; slowly and more painfully came the words. This man who had always been so ready a writer—too ready, perhaps—went back on himself, again and again, changing, considering ; at length his strength gave way, and he stopped short.

The secretary waited, not daring to break the silence ; suffering himself at the sight of that suffering which was becoming agony.

Jeanne, who had entered the room a few minutes before, noiselessly, with her soft slippered feet, came to the rescue of her husband. She began to talk in quite a natural tone of voice, just as though she had seen nothing or divined nothing of what was going on.

"Enough work for one day, gentlemen ; I am not going to miss my daily walk, all because you are so enthusiastic."

With a motion of her hand she hastened the young professor's departure. She saw him out herself, and stopped a moment to speak with him at the door. The poor fellow thought it his fault, perhaps, that things had gone wrong so deplorably at this first trial, and begged her to tell him what he ought to do, reiterating his excuses. Jeanne, growing impatient, was obliged, almost literally, to put him out, in her anxiety to get back to her invalid.

He never heard her come back. He was frightful to look upon. The unfortunate man at last comprehended that all was now over for him. More than his eyesight had been killed in that terrible explosion ; his intellectual powers had been taken, too. This pretty talent of his was pure native of Parisian soil ; born of movement ; striking fire only on contact with modern society ; requiring the stimulus of touch with externals. He felt himself incapable of that patient study of humanity which concentrates itself more as the subject becomes more intricate. It seemed to him that his imagination, formerly so teeming with life and creative power, so full of originality, had become as if frozen

powerless. He pictured it to himself, a poor little vessel with pretty white sails, made for winging its way under sunny skies, in the clutches of polar ice and snow. He knew also that this dumb coldness which was all about him was not alone the result of his blindness; it was the loss of that love which had suddenly slipped away from out his grasp; that forced resignation of Jeanne's; her severe accomplishment of duty. He did not understand it; it had always seemed so natural for him to be beloved by his wife that the possibility of ever being at a loss for the want of it could never have occurred to him. He seemed, vaguely, to realise that he was himself the culprit; he had allowed that delicate gossamer thing of shades and fancies, which we call the love of a woman, to escape away from him. How had this calamity come to pass? His heart failed him too much to try to find out. All that he had ever counted upon seemed going out of his life at once and for ever. One day the happiest and most fortunate of mortals, to whom everything was easy, finding life pleasant; the next, a poor unfortunate, scarcely worth the name of man; now—a ruin of humanity, who was become a painful charge to be supported with exasperating patience. He felt as though he were going mad. The muscles of his scarred face contracted frightfully, his hands seemed searching for something; the dead eyeballs made a supreme effort to see; then he remained for a few moments entirely still, a gentler mood stole over him. Jeanne leant forward to catch the faint murmur which parted his lips. It was "Jeanne, my poor Jeanne!" There was such despair in the words, such love mingled with reproach, that the young wife pressed her handkerchief to her mouth to stifle a sob. She had followed all his heartrending thoughts on that face which had become an open book to her.

All at once he seemed to take a strong resolve. He rose, and, feeling his way, went to the window. He hesitated, however; his life was nothing but a life accursed—yes, but it still was life. He drew a long inspiration, as though just to feel once more his lungs swelling, and the blood circulating rapidly in his veins; then he laid his



"YOU SHALL NOT DIE! YOU SHALL NOT DIE!"

hand on the window latch—Jeanne understood.

"You shall not die! You shall not die!"

She held him close in her arms, trembling; her voice broken with sobs, seeking his lips with hers.

"I am nothing but a heavy burden, too heavy for you, poor child. I should have given you happiness only, and now I have nothing but privation to offer. Without knowing it, perhaps, you resent all this in me. This is why I wished to die."

"You shall not die!" was all she could say, for the sobs which choked her.

"Ah! if you loved me truly; but, no; you pity me, that is all; you do not love me."

"I do love you! Do you not feel it, then? What must I do to make you believe? Yes, I know; I fancied I had ceased to love you. You held me aloof in our happy days; it was not your fault—you did not know—and you wished to die, poor fellow! Tell me, dearest, that you love me. Don't you see that the ugly shadow is far away? I saw you just now

suffering so much ; it broke the ice round my heart, and I love you, I love you ! What must I say to make you believe it ? ”

“ Ah ! I do not wish to die now ! ”

He held her clasped in a tight embrace—laughing, crying, beginning sentences with words to end them in kisses. What was all else now to him ? Jeanne loved him ; his wife was his own again. Out of infinite pity, love had re-risen to give him strength to live anew. And when his wife gently chid him, asking him how it was that during all these terrible months he had never tried to re-awaken that love which was but slumbering, how it was that she had been reduced to the necessity of asking herself whether he had ever loved her, he replied :

mourn him a little while, and soon be consoled.

She, pressing closely against his breast, spoke in her turn, and told him everything, interrupting herself now and then to whisper, “ I love you,” giving him life again out of her youth and tenderness.

Then they reviewed that morning of anguish ; his lost gifts, his frozen and paralysed talents. He asked her to read the chapter he had dictated with so much trouble. Jeanne collected the sheets and read. Karl listened to the end. He seemed to hear once more the death sentence of his hopes. He took the paper out of his wife's hand, and tore it to fragments, in a sort of rage.

“ That mine ? No ! Listen, this is what



“ I MUST FIND A WAY.”

“ I could not—you ought to have known—I needed you so much.”

Now that the ice was broken, he opened his heart to her, and told her all that he had suffered ; his horror of the life of darkness which lay before him ; how the temptation to put an end to it had grown upon him. He had reasoned it all out, only he wished his death to look like an accident, so that the idea of suicide should not trouble his widow. She might

I wanted to say ”—and then, with feverish rapidity, he sketched the chapter which had fallen so flat and heavy before. He sped it forth with all the inspiration of his former days, and all their fire. These had been the secret of his immense success as a popular writer. He interrupted himself passionately.

“ That, all that, I have yet in me. It is not dead, but it might as well be so. However, the blind have learned to write ere

this, and I will find a way—I *must* find a way !”

He was quite worn out by all these exciting emotions. His wife, in her capacity of nurse, fearing a return of the fever, ordered rest. He stretched himself on a sofa, but kept her close by him, like a sick child who must be indulged, and like a child, too, he was soon sleeping that soft, sound sleep which brings repose. When he woke, a scarcely audible but regular, scraping sound struck his quick ear. At first, in a hideous nightmare, he felt himself acting over again the torment of that morning's experience—the secretary writing to his dictation..

“Jeanne !” he called.

She was beside him in an instant, petting him gaily, almost maternally.

“What are you doing there ?” he demanded, suspiciously.

“I was writing ; there, now !”

“What ?”

“Listen.”

Jeanne had the rare gift of a marvellous memory. It had often astonished Karl. She had remembered, in the most extraordinary way, the entire passage which her husband had recast an hour ago : the very turns of the phrases, even the small expressions peculiar to him as an author, were all there. He listened, holding his breath.

“Well ?” said Jeanne, somewhat intimidated by his silence.

“You have saved me, my darling !” he said. “Twice over I owe my life to you.”

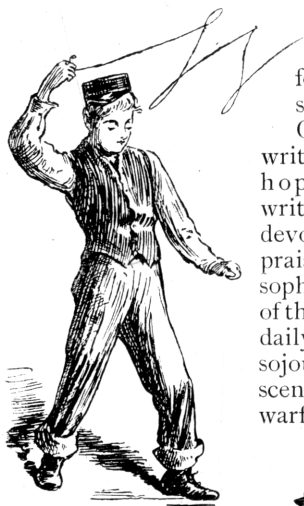
From that day forward they worked together. At first, it was very trying, no doubt ; there were any quantity of pages torn up and thrown aside. Karl had quite an apprenticeship to serve, and he felt that such an apprenticeship would have been

impossible for him, had it been gained under the curious gaze of a stranger. His wife's splendid memory was his best servant, for it was only after repeated trials that he learnt to dictate : his ideas came too quickly for that ; the words burst from him, and while she listened, he poured forth his story. What few notes she could snatch without observation were all he would permit, and she wrote it out from memory far away from earshot of her husband. The necessary business of revision found him more tractable ; he even took pleasure in polishing up his prose, more than he had ever cared to do before. After a while he got accustomed to this method of working, and succeeded finally in subduing his artistic over-sensitiveness. He was saved. He felt that he had not indeed been mistaken in his own estimate of himself. The terrible inertness, the enforced idleness were no longer his to dread. He shuddered when he recalled the past, saying inwardly that he had surely skirted the border-land of insanity. In quiet moments, he ruminated his work ; he prepared his chapter to follow. Living thus in the society of his own fictitious characters, being of necessity obliged to ponder well before his ideas could take permanent shape, he gradually corrected the faults of style which his former ease in writing had entailed. He was thus aware of a slow, but beneficial change in the character of his own composition. When, seized with remorse, he asked pardon of his wife for the burden of labour he was forced to lay upon her, or when he expressed some of the astonishment he felt at seeing her, the spoilt darling of society, settling down into a regular home-bird, and none the less gay and lovable for the change, her answer was very simple.

“I am very happy, and I love you.”

# The Street Games of Children.

BY FRANCES H. LOW.



HEN the day arrives for the "Philosophy of Street Games" to be written, it is to be hoped that the writer will, at least, devote a chapter in praise of the philosophy and heroism of the persons whose daily fate it was to sojourn near the scenes of such deadly warfare as *Tipcat*, or even the milder operations of *Skipping*

and *Peg-top* whipping. Fortunately for those of us who have to pass through small back streets, *Tipcat* is being rigorously regulated by the police: it ought, however, to be entirely abolished, except in parks, where, perhaps, it might be allowed to be played, as it is immensely popular amongst boys, and is in itself a highly interesting game. I have not attempted to describe all the games that are played in the streets. I have purposely omitted such well-known ones as *Leap-frog*, *Tom Tiddler's Ground*, *Hop Chivvy*, and the various running games which are played on the lines of *Touch wood*; and out of the countless games of marbles and buttons I have chosen two or three of the most popular and least complicated. To get a lucid explanation of the playing is by no means an easy business, partly because, no matter how retired a spot one chooses for the demonstration, a huge crowd of errand boys, bonnetless women, and loafing men is sure to collect round within a few minutes; and partly also because it is an extremely difficult matter to get the little performers to play slowly, and make the successive steps intelligible to an uninitiated person. If you ask, "But what is *Pegsy*?" they look at you for a moment with an incredulous grin, which implies that in their opinion you are an imbecile,

and answer, nodding their heads with an air of conviction, "Why, o' course, P stands for *Pegsy*!" and from this position they are not to be dislodged.

Exactly how the traditions concerning games are preserved I have not, in spite of a good deal of inquiry on the point, been able to learn; but that they are handed down from father to son is certain, since an elderly man—a Londoner—who happened to be a bystander in one of my crowds, told me that he, as a boy, some forty years ago, played almost precisely the same games as the boys of to-day. What is perhaps more curious is the early age at which street children are initiated into the freemasonry—if one may call it so—of the games. One of the funniest incidents I met with was in connection with the game of *Buck and Gobs*, which I shall describe in a minute, and wherein a preternaturally acute little imp of five or six years old figures. He could not possibly, owing to the age of his next brother, have been more than six at most, and I was disinclined to avail myself of his services, upon which, however, he insisted. He was a wizened, fragile little being, and his hands were so tiny and his wrists so weak, that he had the utmost difficulty in making effective play with the stones, or gobs, as they are called. After he had dropped the stones some eight or nine times, I said to some of the bigger boys who were standing round, "Perhaps you had better show me," and remarked mildly to the small performer, who was still heroically struggling with the stones: "I don't think you are a particularly good player." He looked at me steadily for a moment, spat on his small hands, and said in the most languid manner imaginable, "I'm a deb'lish good player, I am!" After this he put a dirty twig into his mouth and regarded the operation of his seniors with great contempt, every now and again hurling scornful words at them, and regarding me with a threatening eye.

One of the most popular—if not the *most* popular—of all the pavement games, both with girls and boys, is "*Buck and Gobs*." Four stones, technically called gobs, and a large, round marble comprise





"BUCK AND GOBS."

the property required for this game, the successful playing of which necessitates a large amount of dexterity and practice.

The player arranges four stones in a square on the pavement (see illustration); he then kneels down, throws up the marble, which he holds in his right hand, immediately picks up one of the gobs and catches the buck in the same hand, after it has bounded. After this process has been gone through with each of the gobs without dropping them, they are placed in twos, the player picking up the two gobs together; and after this the grouping is three together and one; and, finally, all four gobs close together, which are treated in the same manner as the single ones. If a player has got to this stage successfully, that is to say without letting a single gob drop throughout, he goes in for the final round, called "Pegsy." The gobs are again placed singly, and the player has to pick up one and drop it before seizing the second gob, meanwhile maintaining the play with the buck. No little skill is required to conduct the last operation successfully; but constant practice has made the children peculiarly expert, and it is quite usual for them to reach the final round without a single miss. Promptness of eye and hand to seize the buck swiftly, and prevent its rolling away, and to grasp the stones without dropping them is the chief requisite for success in this game, which I have found invariably played best by the girls, who are, however, a long way behind the other sex in anything involving exact aiming,

such as, for instance, in any of the numerous games of *Buttons*.

This game is almost entirely confined to the boys, possibly because the little girls are not able to supply the necessary playing instruments in the shape of trouser buttons and a big piece of lead, which is melted and flattened in the fire, and called a nicker. Brass trouser buttons are articles of immense value in the eyes of street boys; they are difficult to obtain, and in the majority of cases are cut off by the boys from their own garments. My little informant, who disappeared behind a corner and returned with half a dozen in his hand, said, in answer to my somewhat anxious question as to whether his mother would not

be angry:

"Oh, *she* won't know. I often rips 'em off, but I sews 'em on again. 'Tain't only them girls can sew!"

The marked and invariable contempt exhibited by the boys to the softer sex seems quite unjustifiable, as in a large number of games the girls are formidable rivals, if not actually better players.

*Buttons* consists of seven or eight buttons being thrown as near as possible a specific line on the pavement. The one who gets



"BUTTONS."

nearest goes in first. He stands on the curb, takes his nicker, and aims it at a button agreed upon by the rest. If he hits it, he gets the button and has another turn; if he misses, the next boy goes in, and the one who has got the most buttons is the winner. This game is called *Nicking*. Another consists in putting all the buttons close together on a line and hitting one out of the line without touching the others. This is called *Hard Buttons*, and its successful play necessitates a very neat and steady aim. Almost all the other games of buttons, of which there are at least some seven or eight variations, are played on similar lines; and the fact that the winner may keep all the buttons he takes no doubt accounts in a measure for their great popularity.

Both the games described above are in "season" during the summer months, as are also *Hopscotch* and *London*, whilst a few games, like marbles, may be played pretty nearly all the year round. I have not been able to obtain any precise information as to why certain games are played at certain seasons: for instance, why marbles should be countenanced all the year round and buttons only during summer; but on the whole the theory seems to be that "hot" games, involving a certain amount of physical exertion, such as tops, tip-cat, and running games, should be played in winter and less active ones in summer; but even this theory is incomplete, as *Release*, which involves a large amount of running, is played as much in hot weather as in cold.

*Hopscotch* is almost as popular with both girls and boys as *Buck and Gobs*, and is decidedly most embarrassing to the pedestrian who happens to walk unwarily across the chalk lines and bring the "hopper" to a full stop. A glance at the illustration will show how the lines are drawn, the spaces

being respectively named one sie, two sie, three sie, four sie, and puddings. The exact playing varies slightly in different districts, but the usual *modus operandi* is for the player to deposit the bit of broken china—generally off a cup or saucer—which she holds in her hand, on "one sie." She then hops up to P. and back again, picking up the bit of china as she comes down again. She repeats exactly the same process until she has placed the china on "four sie," and brought it down with her. Then the real play begins with what is called "Hard Labour." The chip of china is placed on "one sie," and the player, hopping on the right

foot, has to chip the china into each space. If it goes on the line, or if she chips it more than once in each space, she is out, and someone else goes in. If, however, she surmounts these difficulties and hops back to one sie, chipping the china before her, she goes in for the final heat. The bit of china is placed on her toe, and her object is to walk up to "four sie" and back with-

out letting the china drop off, at the same time making only one step in each space. This game has the additional advantage of keeping the attention of all the other children who are not "in" employed and interested, as an artful player who is not carefully watched can easily "chip" the china "twice," or take two steps, or commit any of the other small breaches of the rules, for which the bystanders are, of course, on the alert. A bit of broken china figures in nearly all the games, and it is certainly rather a commentary on the people who are so anxious to bestow expensive toys of all kinds on poor children, that their favourite games are played with a bit of chalk, a few buttons, a scrap of broken china, and some stones out of the roadway.

*London*, so far as I can gather, is a completely modern game, and is more in



vogue in the north and west of London than in the east. The accompanying illustration shows the figure that is drawn in chalk on the pavement, the two side loops being for the player's marks. Should there be three or four players, the figure is made longer with an additional number of lines, and there are extra side loops; the game is, however, usually played by two persons. The bit of china is put on the bottom line and "nicked," or "spooned," along with the finger. If it rolls on, say, 2, the player draws a mark in the side loop nearest 2 from opposite corners. The other player has then a turn, each player going in alternately. The second time the player's china goes on the same number a line across the opposite corners is drawn; the third time this occurs a line is drawn across the middle of the square horizontally, and the fourth time perpendicularly. Here the real pleasure of the player begins.

Her object is now to get the china again into 2, the number by which she has obtained her marks. If she does this she exclaims aloud triumphantly; "Now I've got a soldier's head!" She then draws a little round close up to her square, but on the other side of the line. She then has another turn, and, if the china again goes into 2, she cries, "Now I've got the soldier's belly!" and adds a large circle on to the one she calls the head. If it goes into four or five, and she has not previously nicked the china into these numbers, she simply makes a stroke, as before; the sixth time that the china goes into 2 the player gets the soldier's legs, and she has now got her soldier. The one who obtains most soldiers is the winner. If the china goes over any of the boundaries, or on the

lines, the player is out, and has lost the game. The chief attraction of this game appears to be in the naming aloud of one portion of the soldier's anatomy; the little girls seem to have some sort of idea that the language is not quite polite, and I observed they looked at me half doubtfully, as if in expectation of finding a shocked expression on my face, which might result in jeopardising the promised pennies. Nothing of the sort, however, being visible, they proceeded with great gusto to describe another soldier, much to my amusement.

In *Duck*, which is the name given to the stone which acts as a target, a hole is scooped in the road, in front of which a stone is placed. The game consists in knocking the duck into a hole from a little distance; but, if the player is unsuccessful, he may have another turn, provided he can pick up his own stone and reach the pavement without being touched by his opponent. During this operation the boy or girl says:—

"Gully, gully, all round the hole,  
One duck on."

This game, which is principally played in the road, is, however, fraught with some danger to the limbs of the players, who are too intent upon grasping their stones and eluding their pursuers to regard passing vehicles with much attention.

Of ring games, which appear to be played exclusively by girls, there is a large assortment. Many of them have appropriate singing accompaniments, and when gracefully and quietly carried out by the performers, are very pretty and picturesque. The preliminary arrangements of these round games form a fine field of observation for the student of child character. One child, scarcely ever the best-looking, or



"LONDON."

strongest, or eldest, instinctively assumes the leadership, to which the rest of the children voluntarily bow. In my square there is a certain Mabel —, as she is

Play and cuddle and kiss together ;  
Kiss her once, kiss her twice,  
Kiss her three times over !”  
(*The two in middle kiss boisterously, whilst the ring  
races round singing very quickly.*)



“DUCK.”

usually called by her friends, who is nothing less than a born general. Amongst her squad there are girls who must be at least five or six years older than herself, and yet her generalship, so far as I can see, is never challenged. She selects her own favourite companions for the most coveted posts, orders the entire company about, administers slight corporal punishment to stupid or careless recruits, settles in the most arbitrary manner any disputes that arise—generally to her own advantage—in short, by the exercise of goodness knows what magical qualities, has some dozen children under her command every evening.

Of round games, I think *Poor Jenny* is a-weeping is by a long way the favourite. Any number of children can join in the game, which is played by a ring being formed, with one child in the centre, who personifies Jenny. The circle moves round singing :—

“ Poor Jenny is a-weeping, a-weeping, a-weeping,  
A-weeping, a-weeping, all on a summer day !  
On the carpet she shall kneel,

(*Here Jenny kneels down*)

While the grass grows in the field.

Stand up, stand up on your feet,

(*Here Jenny stands up*)

And choose the one you love so sweet ;

Choose once, choose twice, choose her three  
times over.

(*Here Jenny chooses another child and takes her into ring*)

Now you're married, we wish you joy,  
First a girl, and then a boy,  
Seven years after a son and daughter,

It will be seen from the above specimen that one must not expect too much in the way of sense or grammar or refinement in these street songs ; but there is a heartiness in the singing and a zest and enjoyment in the dancing round which go far to compensate for any trifling drawback of this kind.

A rather curious round game and a very favourite one is *Bobby Bingo*. There is the usual circle, which moves round with one child in the centre, and the words run in this way :—

“ There was a farmer had a boy  
And his name was Bobby Bingo,  
B ngo (each letter is spe't out),  
Bingo,  
Bingo,  
And Bingo was his name, O !”

Then the girl in the centre points to each child in the circle with her finger, saying to herself as she goes round, B I N G O, over and over again. If she says any letter but “ o ” aloud she is out. This is by no means so simple a matter as appears at first sight, as can be proved by anyone who spells out the ridiculous word several times quickly, taking care to say only the last letter aloud.

*There stands a Lady on the Mountain* is practically the same game with different words, and the same applies to *Master, Master, where's your Gold?*

In *The King of the Barbaree* the girls march to and fro in long lines singing a number of verses, each of which ends in

the "King of the Barbaree," and is accompanied by clapping of hands.

The *pièce de résistance* of quite a number of round games consists in flopping to the ground, a proceeding which seems to be a source of hilarious and side-splitting mirth to children. In *Ring a ring o' roses* the girls make a ring, and move round singing :

"Ring a ring o' roses,  
Pocketsful o' posies,  
A maiden's fairy crown,  
We all fall down."

The last line finds all the little maidens seated on the pavement with gleeful and delighted faces. Precisely the same wildly exciting *finale* occurs in *Our boots are made of Spanish*, another popular game amongst small girls, who also divert themselves with skipping, which is too familiar

scription of *Waggles* practically covers most of the games played under tipcat. Four boys stand at the corners of a large paving stone, two of whom are provided with sticks, whilst the other two are feeders and throw the cat. The batter acts very much in the same way as in cricket, except that he must hit the cat whilst in the air. He hits it as far away as possible, and whilst the feeder has gone to find it gets runs which count to his side. If either of the cats fall to the ground both batters go out and the feeders get their turn. The popular game of *Whacks* is played on much the same lines, and, as it has to be played near railings, usually results in the smashing of a window, which is possibly one of the reasons of its attractiveness.

It is not difficult to understand the



"POOR JENNY IS A-WEEPING."

to need any description, and a variety of games with soft balls.

This I think pretty well exhausts girls' games and mixed games in general.

*Tipcat* is almost exclusively played by boys, and although it will not be in season again till next spring, it may not be *inapropos* here to warn persons of its dangerous results, in the shape of impaired eyesight and even blindness, from the eye being struck by the cat. Amongst boys the game goes by the name of *Cat and Stick*, and consists, as is perhaps superfluous to state, of a stick and a small piece of wood sharpened at each end. A variety of games can be played with these weapons, but they are all on much the same principle—that of hitting the cat when in the air, and a de-

fascination of marbles to a healthy boy, who need never be at a loss for amusement so long as he carries half a dozen of the little round balls in his pocket. The various games of marbles appear more provocative of disputes than any other street game, the reason being due probably to the greater desirableness of the prize. For, as in buttons, the winner keeps the marbles he hits or captures, and one can sympathise with the anguished feelings of Tommy when he sees his cherished coloured glass marble passing into the triumphant possession of Billy. It is at that tragic moment that Tommy is wont to bring the accusation of cheating on the tapis. *Holy Bung*, the somewhat unsavoury title given to one game, consists in placing one marble

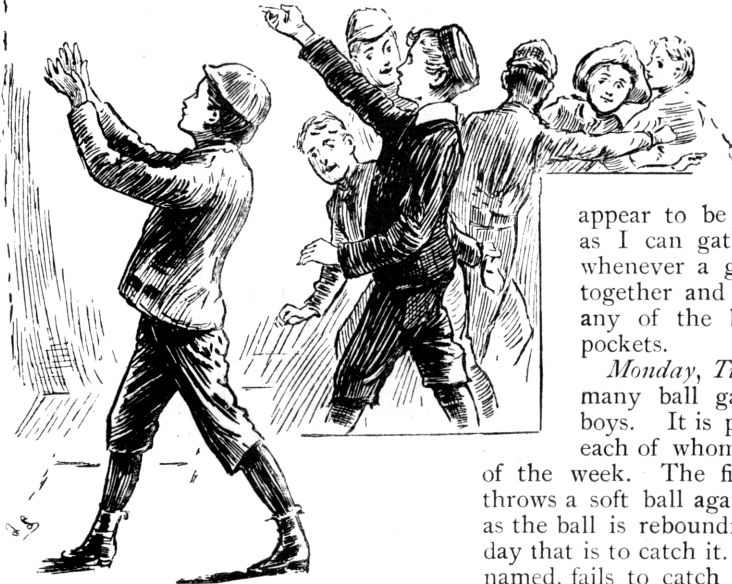


on a hole, and making it act as a target for the rest. The marble which can hit it three times in succession and finally be shot into the hole is the winning ball, and its

"nicks" speaks with equal contempt of bowling. Sometimes these differences lead to a slight disturbance of the peace, more often the parties call each other names, and later on resume playing. *Chipping off the line* Follow me leader, and *King of the ring*, in which six marbles in two parallel lines are placed in a chalk ring, are tolerably familiar, and consist mainly in hitting specified marbles. Marbles are properly in fashion during August, but regulations on this point

appear to be very lax, and so far as I can gather they are "on" whenever a group of boys come together and find they have got any of the little balls in their pockets.

*Monday, Tuesday*, is one of the many ball games patronised by boys. It is played by seven boys, each of whom appropriates a day of the week. The first boy goes in and throws a soft ball against the wall, saying as the ball is rebounding the name of the day that is to catch it. If Tuesday, who is named, fails to catch the ball, he picks it



"MONDAY, TUESDAY."

owner gets all the other marbles which have missed before his turn. There are no specific laws as to the kind of throwing that must be employed: shooting, bowling, and nicking are all countenanced, the method adopted by each boy being the one in which he is most expert. I have observed that if he patronises *bowling* he generally takes care to inform you that this form of art is a great deal more difficult than *nicking*, for instance; whilst the young gentleman who



"TIPCAT."

up and immediately tries to hit one of the boys, who rapidly disperse at a "miss." If he succeeds he goes in and throws the ball, whilst the boy who gets hit three times is "out," and the winner is the boy who has either not been hit at all or hit the fewest number of times.

Lack of space forbids my doing anything more than naming the other running games, the principal of which, *Release*, is played in playgrounds as well as in streets; *Monkey* and *Boozalum*, which are variations of the old-fashioned *Hide and Seek*,

and *Chalk Corners*, which is a form of paper chase, the trail of which is chalked on the corners of paving stones.

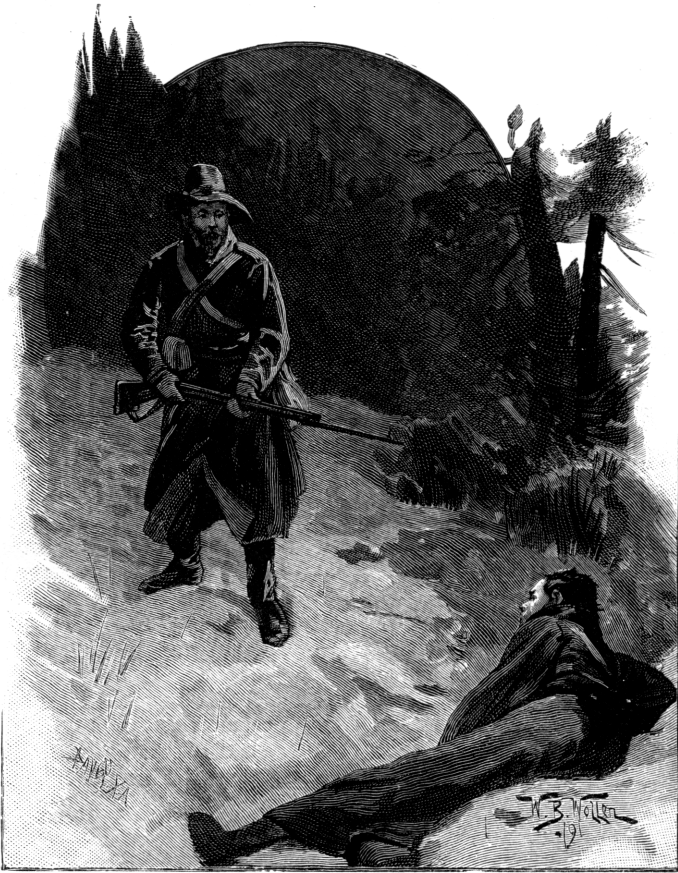
The subject of "Street Games" is deeply interesting, and deserves more exhaustive treatment than I have been able to give to it in a short magazine article. Not the least pleasant feature connected with them is to be found in the happy temperaments of the young players who can get enough pleasure and enjoyment out of the mere act of playing to be able to dispense with any stimulus in the way of prizes.



"KING OF THE RING."

## *An Episode of '63.*

BY HENRY MURRAY.



"HE APPROACHED HIM CAUTIOUSLY."



IGHT had fallen on the banks of the Chippaloga, and the fight was over. It had been hot and fierce while it lasted, and the battered remnant of Southern troops, though at last they had been forced to flight, leaving one-third their force on the field, had thinned the numbers of their conquerors. Though the smallest of the episodes of a war whose issue settled the future of the American continent and affected the history of all mankind, the battle had brought the peace of death to many a valiant heart, its bitterness to many a woman and child, who, all unaware, were praying, safe in distant cities, for the husbands and fathers whose

lips would never more meet theirs. Overhead, the stars sparkled keenly in the frosty sky, but from the horizon a ridge of inky cloud spread upward to the zenith, threatening not only to quench their feeble fire, but to deepen the crisp powdery snow in which the landscape was smothered. The river ran like a long black snake between its whitened banks.

To Roland Pearse, monotonously tramping on sentry duty along the track worn by his own feet in the snow at a tantalising distance from the nearest of the small watch-fires which gleamed around the central one, where the officers were sunk in sleep, it seemed as if the dawn would never come. A year's hard campaigning

had toughened him to all the accidents of war, and the coldest and longest night's watch after the hardest day's fighting or marching came to him, as a rule, naturally enough. But he had been wounded in the fight, though not seriously, yet painfully, and between the consequent loss of blood and the bitter cold was weary well nigh to death. In the dead stillness of the night the monotonous chant of the river near at hand combined with weakness and weariness to stupefy his senses, and for minutes together he shuffled along the track he had worn in the snow with a quite unconscious persistence, awakening at the end of his beat with a nerve-shattering start, and falling asleep again ere he had well turned to retrace his steps. At last, a deeper doze was terminated by his falling at full length in the snow. He gathered his stiff, cold limbs together, and limped along shivering, swearing at the snow which had penetrated different loopholes of his ragged uniform, and, slowly melted by contact with his scarce warmer skin, served at last to keep him awake. He drew from his pocket a flask containing a modicum of whisky. It was little enough—he could gratefully have drunk twice the amount; but, with a self-denial taught by many bitter experiences, he took only a mouthful, and reserved the rest for future needs. It warmed his starven blood, and helped the melting snow, now trickling down his back in a steady stream, to keep him awake.

With a vague idea that a new beat would somewhat relieve the monotony of his watch, he struck into another track, and trudged resolutely at right angles with his former course, the two lines of foot-steps making a gigantic cross upon the snow. His former lassitude was again beginning to conquer him, when it was suddenly dissipated by a voice, which rang out on the stillness with startling suddenness, instinct with anguish.

"If you have the heart of a man in your breast, for God's sake, help me!"

Twenty feet from where he stood, Roland beheld the figure of a man raised feebly on one elbow above the level of the snow. There was only just light enough to distinguish it. He approached him cautiously, with his rifle advanced, and shooting rapid glances from the prostrate figure to every clump of snow-covered herbage or inequality of ground which might afford shelter for an ambuscade.

"I am alone," the man said.

He spoke each word upon a separate sob of pain and weakness. He wore the Southern uniform, and Roland saw that one arm and one leg dragged from his body, helpless and distorted. An old sabre cut traversed his face from the cheek-bone to the temple. He looked the very genius of defeat.

"I am dying!" he panted at Roland.

The young man pulled his beard as he looked down at him, and shrugged his shoulders with a scarce perceptible gesture.

"I know," said the Southerner; "I don't growl at that. I've let daylight into a few of your fellows in my time, and would again, if I got the chance. Now it's my turn, and I'm going to take it quiet. But I want to say something—to write something to my wife in Charlestown. Will you do that for me? It isn't much for one man to ask of another. I don't want to die and rot in this cursed wilderness without saying good-bye to her."

"You must look sharp, then," said Roland, kneeling beside him, "for I shall be called into camp in a few minutes."

He took an old letter from his pocket, and with numbed fingers began to write, at the wounded man's dictation, on its blank side.

"My darling Rose," he began.

Roland started as if stung by a snake, and bent a sudden look of questioning anger on his companion's face. The Southerner looked back at him for a moment with a look of surprise. Then his face changed.

"Jim Vickers!" said Roland.

"Roland Pearse!" cried the other; and for a moment there was silence between them.

"Last time your name passed my lips," said Roland, slowly, "I swore to put a bullet into you on sight."

"I guess you needn't," said Vickers; "I've got two already. Not that I'm particular to a bullet or so, only you might finish the letter first, anyhow. For God's sake, Pearse," he continued, sudden emotion conquering his dare-devil cynicism, "write the letter! It's for Rose. She won't have a cent in the world if I can't send her the news I want you to write, and she and the child will starve. I got her by a trick, I know, and a nasty trick too; but I'd have done murder to get her. She was the only woman I ever cared a straw for, really. And she loves me, too. Shoot me, if you like; but, for God's sake, write the letter!"

Roland bent his head over the scrap of paper again.

"Go on," he said hoarsely, and Vickers went on, panting out the words with an

up, perhaps you ain't as bad as you think. I'll see if I can get help for you."

Tears started to the wounded wretch's eyes.

"Rose had better have taken you, I guess," he said. Roland turned sharply away.

"I'll be back as quickly as I can," he said, and ploughed his way back into camp without a single backward glance. Coming to a large tent, the only one in the camp, roughly run up as a temporary hospital, he passed between two rows of prostrate figures, sunk in the sleep of exhaustion or tossing in agony, to where a man in the uniform of an army surgeon was bending, pipe in mouth, over the body of a patient.

"I want to speak to you when you've finished, Ned."

The surgeon nodded without raising his eyes, completed his task, ran his blood-stained fingers wearily through his hair, and turned to Roland with a yawn and a shiver.

"That's the last of 'em," he said; "I've

been at it since nightfall, and I'm dead beat. Cut it short, old man; we start in an hour, and I meant to get a wink of sleep."

"I'm afraid you'll have to do without it," said Roland. "Do you remember Jim Vickers?"

"Jim Vickers?" repeated the surgeon. "Oh, yes! The man who married Rose Bishop."

Roland winced, and nodded.

"He's out there, shot in the arm and leg. Says he's dying. He didn't know me, and asked me to write a word for him to Rose—to his wife. I want you to come and have a look at him."

The surgeon shrugged, with a half yawn.



"GO ON," HE SAID HOARSELY.

eagerness which proved the sincerity of his affection. The letter had regard to the disposition of certain sums of money for which the voucher had been destroyed by fire during the siege of Philipville two days previously. It was scarcely ended when a bugle sounded from the camp.

"That's the sentinel's recall," said Roland. "I must get in. I'll forward the letter the first chance I get."

He rose; Vickers, with a dumb agony of grateful entreaty in his face, feebly held up his left hand—the right arm was shattered. After a moment's hesitation Roland bent and took it.

"Here," he said, "take this." He dropped his flask beside him. "Keep your heart



"He's a Reb, I s'pose? Haven't seen him in our crowd."

"Yes," said Roland, "but one man is pretty much the same to you as another, I reckon, and—you know Rose. You might save him."

Ned shrugged again, tossed some lint and other necessities into a bag on the table, and they set out together. They found Vickers asleep, with the empty whisky flask lying on the snow beside him.

"He didn't recognise me," whispered Roland, "and I don't want him to."

The surgeon nodded.

There was a ruined shed at a hundred yards distance, to which they carried the wounded man, who woke and groaned as he was raised. Arrived under shelter, Ned silently betook himself to examining

gravity common to the faces of men of his profession engaged at their work, and nothing was to be learned from it. His task finished, he patted his patient's shoulder, collected his tools, and left the shed. Roland followed him to the door.

"What do you think? Can he pull through?"

"He would with proper nursing and good food, not without."

"Can we take him with us?"

"No, the Colonel wouldn't hear of it. We have to join Meade at Petersburg in two days, and we can't afford to be bothered with lame prisoners. Leave him some biscuit, and a bottle of whisky, and let him take his chance. We've done all we could."

"I *can't* leave him," said Roland.

"You've got mighty fond of him all of a sudden," said Ned, with something of a sneer.

"I'm as fond of him as I always was," answered Roland. "It's Rose."

"Well," said the other, after a moment's silence, and with the air he might have worn had he found himself forced to apply the knife to the flesh of his own child, "if you want my opinion, you shall have it. You'll do a long sight better business for Rose if you let the fellow die. And, besides, you *can't* save him. He'd take months to heal up in hospital, with every care and attention."

"Somebody might come along and give me a hand to get him to the nearest town," said Roland vaguely, but tenaciously.

"The nearest town is thirty miles away. How would you get him there? It's impossible. Besides, look at this." He pointed to the sky, an even blank of thick grey cloud.

"That'll be falling in another hour. You'd be snowed up. And then—hang it all, man, I must be as mad as you are to discuss the thing at all. You don't suppose



"YOU MIGHT SAVE HIM."

Vickers' wounds. Arm and leg were both shattered, and three of his ribs were broken by a horse's hoof. Roland watched his friend's face, but it wore the aspect of even

you're going to get leave of absence to nurse a Johnny Reb."

"I might take it," said Roland.

"And be shot for desertion?"

"That's as may be. The chances are I shouldn't be missed till you were too far away to send back for me. I must go and answer to my name, and then see if I can't drop behind."

Ned held his head in his hands as if it

Rose loved, to die, while any possible effort of his might suffice to save him?

The first flakes of the coming snowstorm fell as the detachment started. It marched in very loose order, for the road was rough, the snow deep, most of the men more or less broken with wounds and fatigue, and it was known that no enemy was within sixty miles. Roland fell, little by little, to the rear, where the clumsy country waggons



"YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF THE LETTER," HE WHISPERED.

would else burst with the folly of his friend's idea.

"I can't stay here all day talking d—— nonsense," he said, angrily. "I'm off into camp."

He strode away, and Roland kept pace with him. He did not need his friend's assurance of the folly of the act he meditated. He quite recognised that, but it was only in the background of his thoughts, which were filled with the memory of a woman's face. How could he leave the man

lumbered along full of the wounded under Ned's charge.

"You'll take care of the letter," he whispered, and thrust it into his friend's hand. "Good-bye; I shall fall in with the next detachment if I pull through long enough. If not——"

He nodded, and at a sudden turn of the road, here thickly surrounded by maple and hemlock, darted among the trees, and listened, with his heart in his ears, to the jingle and clatter of arms as his comrades

marched on. It died away upon the snow-laden air, and he retraced his steps to the shed with an armful of dry leaves and twigs, with which, by the sacrifice of one of his few remaining cartridges, he speedily made a blazing fire. Vickers lay quiet, watching him through half-shut lids.

"Say, Roland," he said, presently, "what sort of game is this?"

"I'm going to see if I can pull you through," said Roland, with an affectation of cheerfulness.

"You can't," said Vickers; "I heard what Ned said just now. I'm booked for the journey through, I know it. Don't you be a fool. Follow the boys, and leave me here. I'm beyond any man's help. You won't? Well, you always were a nutmeg-headed sort of creature. I never knew you have more than one idea at a time, and that one wasn't worth much, as a general thing. But this is madness, sheer, stark madness! Look at the snow! Another hour or two, and we shall be snowed up. It's just chucking a good life after a bad one. I know

you ain't doing it for me. It's for Rose. Well, if it was any use, I wouldn't say no. But it isn't. I shall be a dead man in twenty-four hours at most. Nothing can save me."

"I'm just going to the wood," said Roland, taking up his gun, and speaking in a quite casual tone. "If there's any game about, this weather will drive it under cover. I'll be back presently, anyhow."

He flung some of the broken timber of the shed upon the fire, and went out.

He had not taken six paces through the blinding flakes, when Vickers' voice rang out with startling loudness and suddenness, "Good-bye, Roland," and a loud report seemed to shake the crazy old hut to its foundation.

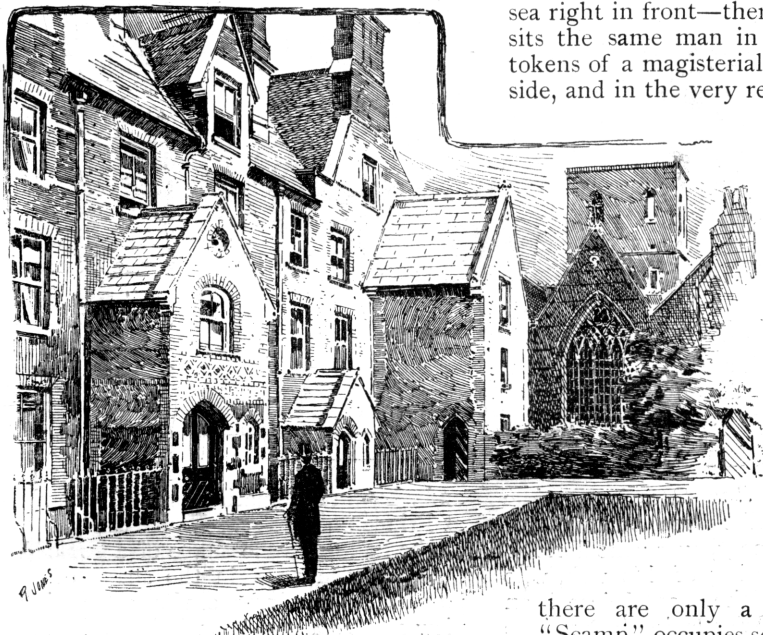
Roland ran back. Vickers was lying dead, with the firelight playing brightly on the barrel of a revolver clenched in his left hand.

Ten minutes later he was lying in a deep snow drift, and Roland was tramping through the snow on the track of his detachment.



## Illustrated Interviews.

No. V.—MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C.



"ELLERAY."

**I**O start the day with breakfast with Montagu Williams, and afterwards to pass every hour intervening between meals in listening to delightful anecdotes is, to say the least of it, distinctly agreeable. Such has been my recent experience. On the West Cliffs of Ramsgate stands "Elleray," the house to which probably the most popular magistrate in London is wont to run down from Saturday to Monday, after passing a busy week in the police-court. "Elleray" is situated in a far more exhilarating corner than is the armchair of Justice. In the latter, day by day, sits a frock-coated gentleman—a man who can "see through" case by case with wonderful acuteness, yet with marked kindness to those brought before him. At "Elleray"—with its great green lawn edged with countless evergreens, its blue china boxes brimming over with golden-feather, red geraniums, and tiny bluebells, with a grand bit of

sea right in front—there, on a garden-seat, sits the same man in a light suit, with all tokens of a magisterial manner cast on one side, and in the very reverse frame of mind

to that of "sentencing" or "fining" the individual who, with note-book in hand, occupies the other part of the seat.

Mr. Montagu Williams has his peculiarities, but they are very happy ones. For instance, he has two dogs—of the silver Skye breed. "Roy" is his favourite, and necessarily—as

there are only a couple of them—

"Scamp" occupies second place in favour.

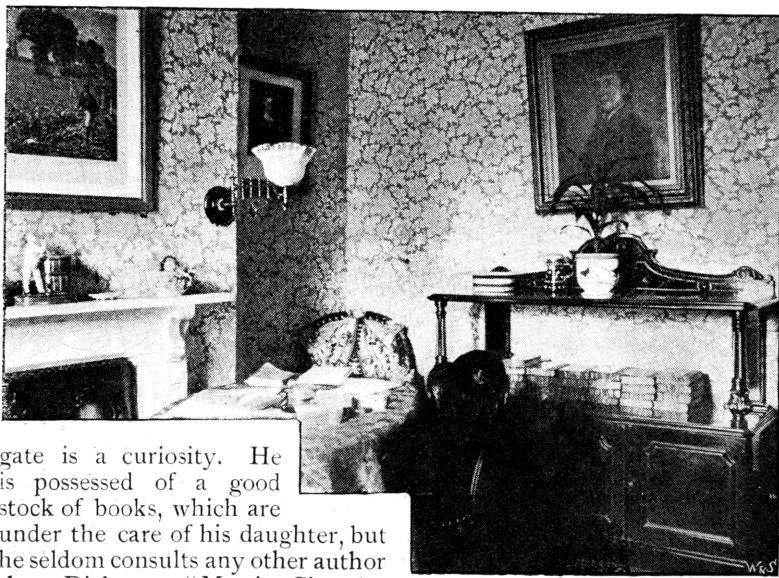
Roy is Scamp's uncle. Scamp's father was a beautiful creature named Tag. Poor old Tag! He was run over in Hyde Park and killed. He was buried at Richmond. It is Roy's duty to remain at Ramsgate during the week while his master is away, whilst Scamp has to do the journey to town every Monday morning, returning on the Saturday. Mr. Williams declares with emphasis that he could not live without a dog—he loves them, and they return his affection. His library at Rams-



From a Photo. by]

"ROY."

[Elliott & Fry.

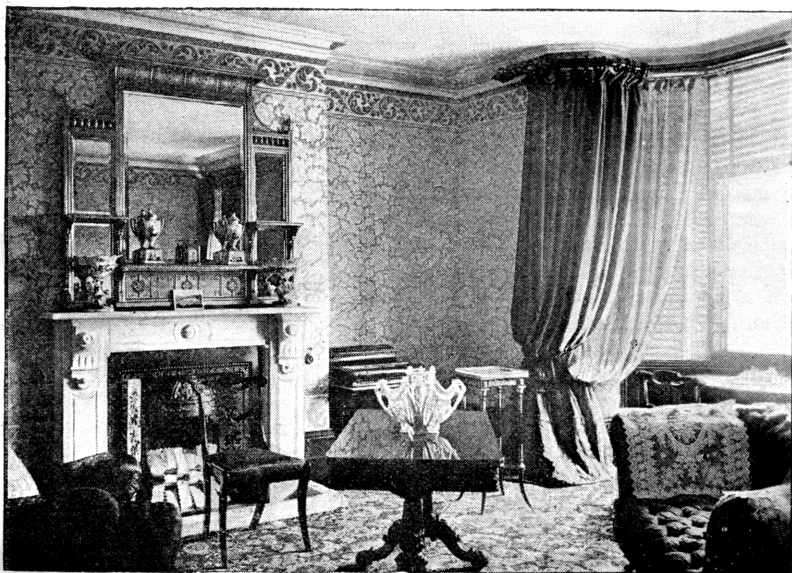


gate is a curiosity. He is possessed of a good stock of books, which are under the care of his daughter, but he seldom consults any other author than Dickens. "Martin Chuzzlewit" is his particular fancy. Hence the library at "Elleray" consists of a complete set of the great novelist's creations, and that only. In this apartment, over "the library" shelf, is an oil painting of his wife, who died in 1877. Over the mantelpiece is an etching, Stuart Wortley's "Partridge Shooting," exhibited in the Royal Academy. It was painted under a group of trees seen in the picture, and the great turnip field is that rented from Lady Fortescue at Burn-

ham Beeches, by Mr. Williams. In a niche is an engraving of F. Newenham's picture of John Milton at the age of twelve, a portrait group of the Harcourt Cricket Club, of which the master of "Elleray" is president, a water colour drawing of Mrs. Keeley—whose daughter Mr. Williams married—and an engraving of Cardinal Manning. Although a Protestant, Mr. Williams attended all his

Eminence's receptions of thirty years ago, and was so impressed by the Cardinal's character—although the subject of religion had never been broached between them—that one day the brilliant barrister observed to the Cardinal, "Although I am not a Romanist, if the time should come when I should be in need of spiritual advice, I would send for you."

Mr. Williams is fond of racing, and when in Newmarket is a welcome visitor at Prince Soltykoff's. Hence the hat-stand in the hall takes the shape of a horse-shoe, studded with nails in the shape of brass pegs. His drawing-room has a magnificent view of the sea from the windows. The suite is upholstered in yellow satin, as are also the curtains at the windows, and the carpet on the floor harmonises. There is some grand Dresden china, and exquisite inlaid cabinets.



From a Photo, by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.



A curiosity in the way of cushions rests on the sofa. It is of black satin, with the leaves of a Virginia creeper crewelled into it—the handiwork of Mrs. Keeley. She borrowed the real leaves from Mr. Burnand's daughter, who lives near by, and during a month's visit she completed the task—a very creditable one at the age of eighty-three. Next to this room is a bedroom specially kept for Mrs. Keeley whenever she visits Ramsgate. There is not a single picture on the drawing-room walls; just a photograph or two. Mr. Williams is much sought after as a god-father. Here are the children of his own daughter—

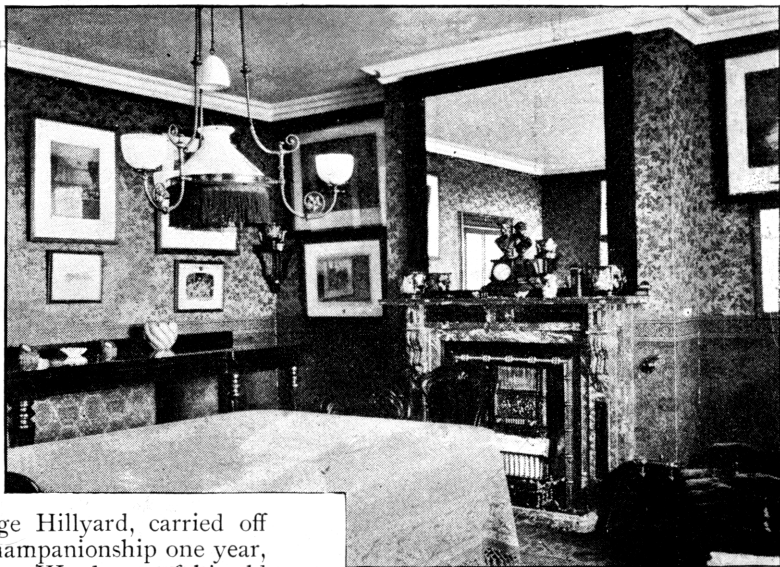
Jessie Mary Richardson, wife of Colonel Richardson, now Colonel commanding the Nottingham Sherwood Foresters—a quartet of pretty youngsters, the little lad in Highland clothing being the magistrate's god-son. Mr. Williams also took vows at the font on behalf of little Jack Montagu, whose

mother, Mrs. George Hillyard, carried off the lawn tennis champanionship one year, and of Cecil Montagu Ward, son of his old friend Russell, and grandson of Mrs. E. M. Ward, the celebrated artist.

The dining-room is agreeably comfortable. A signed "As You Like It," by Sir John Millais, and proofs before letters of Landseer's "Piper and Nut-Crackers," "Three Cubs," and "Midsummer's Night's Dream," were a present from Mr. Henry Graves, as a reminiscence of his successful prosecution in the noted case of piracy in photographing pictures. Here, too, is an extraordinary old print of Napoleon, and reproductions of the five pictures by W. P. Frith, constituting the "Race for Wealth." Mr. Williams points out in the trial scene at the Old Bailey excellent portraits of Baron Huddleston, Mr. Poland, Q.C., Sergeant Ballantine quietly reading a paper, Mr. George Lewis handing a barrister a brief, the Usher of the Court, and a striking likeness of Mr. Williams himself. Being

educated at Eton, one necessarily finds on the walls T. M. Henry's trio of etchings, typical of school-life there: "Football at the Wall," "Calling Absence," and "Speeches in Upper School."

Mr. Williams is a member of the Orkney Cottage Rowing Club, some of the members of which are seen in photographs. One of their number is pointed out as Henry L. B. McCalmont, who stroked the Orkney Cottage "Four," and who, in the course of three years, comes into a fortune of between three and four millions sterling. Orkney Cottage, Taplow, is the seat of Mr. Edward



From a Photo. by THE DINING-ROOM. [Elliott & Fry.]

Lawson. This is how Mr. Lawson got possession of this charming riverside retreat.

"About five and thirty years ago," said Mr. Williams, "I went down to Taplow with my wife, and saw the cottage—very different then—with a board up, 'To let—apply to Jonathan Bond, Maidenhead Bridge.'" When I was at Eton during my holidays I used to play in the Maidenhead Eleven, and Jonathan Bond, a boat-builder, was a bowler in the eleven—I remember him; he bowled 'slow lobs'—with Langton, the brewer, Dicky Lovegrove, who kept 'The Bear,' and other well-known characters. I went to Bond, and asked him about the cottage. He remembered me, and advised me not to have it, as the best of reputations did not hang over its roof. But I didn't mind, so

I bought the lease, and having no cheque-book with me, made out the cheque on a slip of paper. I returned to London with the lease in my pocket. Edward Lawson then lived in Norfolk-street, Park-lane, and on his way home called on me at Upper Brooke-street. I told him of my purchase. He immediately wanted it for his boys, thinking it would be a capital place for them to come to from Eton. I couldn't resist him, so he gave me a cheque for just what I had paid in exchange for the lease. That's how Edward Lawson became possessed of one of the prettiest places along the river."

present judge at Allahabad, represented with a big cigar in his mouth, the other of the magistrate himself, with a huge cigar in his hand.

My day at Ramsgate with Mr. Williams was spent for the most part in hearing hitherto unpublished anecdotes of his schoolboy days, with the noting of one or two reminiscences of his later life, and a cross-examination on a highly interesting point, which we decided, as we sat together on the garden seat, had hitherto been forgotten, namely that of how it feels to be a magistrate.



From a Photo. by]

THE SITTING-ROOM, ALDFORD STREET.

(Elliot & Fry.

When in town Mr. Williams has a house in Aldford-street, Park-lane. The apartments are very cosy—the sitting-room a particularly inviting little corner. A pen and ink drawing by Charles Matthews is near the door. It was done whilst Mr. Williams "waited," and bears the date, July 26, 1867. Here is a picture, too, of the late Colonel Burnaby. The pair were great friends, though Mr. Williams was counsel in the Colonel's action against General Owen Williams, which, happily for the old friendship existing between them, was never tried. There are numbers of photos here—a pair of water-colours, the one of George Payne and Admiral Rous, the other of Fred Archer and Lord Falmouth. Two "Vanity Fair" sketches—one is of Douglas Straight, the

Mr. Williams is of somewhat slight build, with an eye that looks one through and through. He has a marvellous memory for dates, a wonderful faculty for telling a story, and a delightful method of doing it. He is a large-hearted man, and revels in the happy title bestowed upon him of being "the poor man's magistrate." I have watched him in Court. He is down on wife-beaters, and kindly disposed to people charged

with first offences, whom he will let off if he can. The way in which he measures out justice is distinctly characteristic. He weighs the position of the delinquents in the case of a summons, and though two people may be charged with the same offence, the fine is according to their pockets. This is to be commended. I heard him fine an old lady for selling adulterated milk. He called her "a wicked old woman," and she had to pay a sovereign and costs. She had only a small trade. The next case was a similar one, but the delinquent sold twice as much milk, and forty shillings was the judgment. A man was charged with begging. He said he only wanted to get his fare to Colchester to get work there. Decision: Why should the fellow go to prison? Magistrate gave him the

fare out of own pocket, and a policeman was told off to get his railway ticket. "But if ever you come before me again—"

Mr. Williams claims Freshford, in Somersetshire, as the place of his birth, and the date thereof the 30th September, 1835. He comes of a thoroughly legal stock. He went to Eton

when he was about twelve, and among his schoolfellows was Mr. F. C. Burnand. Then in a merry mood the magistrate recalls some very happy days there.

"When I first went to Eton," he said, "I was extremely small. Whether my fellow scholars took advantage of my size or not, I cannot say, but they certainly took advantage of my hat. For some reason or other there was a kind of passion amongst the bigger boys to turn my hat into a football. No sooner had I got a new one on than it was spotted; it was off in a minute

would despise. Whenever one wanted a new hat, you had to go to your tutor, and get an order on Devereux's. I got through scores, until at last my tutor got so sick of writing me orders, that he flatly refused to give me any more, and I am perfectly serious when I tell you that I went about Eton hatless!

"I once ventured to write my name on the time-honoured walls. The late Provost there was then master of the lower division, fifth form. Now, he had a nasty knack of pretending to be asleep, and, suddenly waking up, would catch some poor pupil doing such things as should be left undone. One day we were assembled in his little room, just off the swishing room, where Hawtrey used to administer the



"A TALE OF AN ETON HAT."

and away it went. I can assure you I have walked about the play-fields there, with my hands in my pockets, with a hat on my head—the remains of a brim and ventilated with innumerable holes—such as a tramp

instrument of torture. Ah! and he had a strong arm, too. I

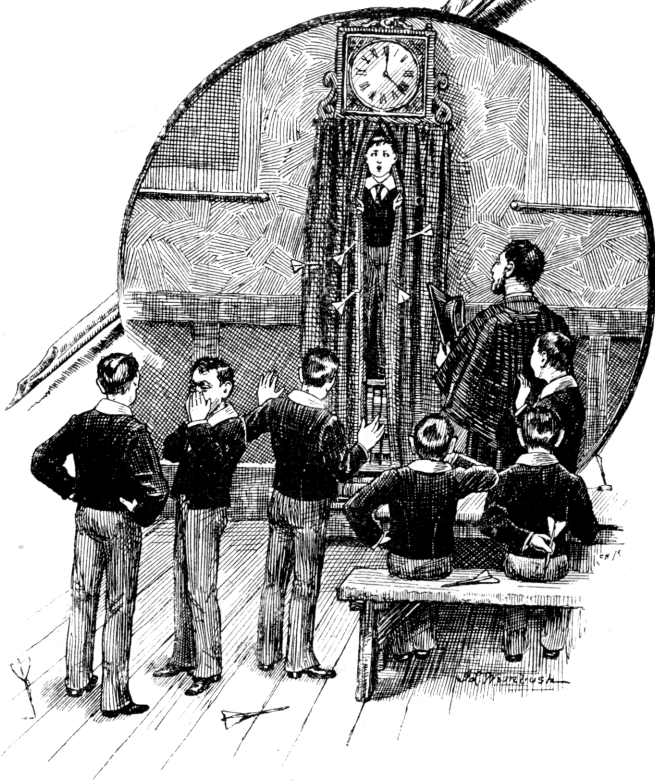


J. L. Mimbush

thought 'Goodford' asleep. I began the inscribing of my name on the walls. But he wasn't slumbering. He woke up just as I was in the middle of it.

"'Williams,' he cried, 'write out and translate your lessons three times. Writing on the wall, eh? That will be the only way in which your name will be handed down to posterity.'

"Years passed on, and when he



"PLEASE, SIR, HERE I AM!"

became Provost of Eton I met him at a cricket match between Eton and Winchester. He shook me warmly by the hand, and congratulated me on my success in life.

"'You haven't altered a bit,' he said.

"'I hope I have,' was my reply.

"'Why?' he asked. I told him his prediction of my writing on the wall. We had a good laugh, and he humorously said:

"'The fact is, Williams, I mistook your writing.'

"I shall never forget how the boys served me once. Really, the average small boy lives at a great disadvantage. It was one

Sunday night, and happened during what was called 'private business.' On such occasions my tutor used to read Paley or some such work to us,

and explain it. William Gifford Cooksley was my master, and he had a little country house at Farnham, some few miles away. He was late. Just behind the tutor's desk was a clock standing on top of a case some four feet from the ground, partly concealed by curtains. Now, there was just room for one small boy in that case, squeezed tight in, and some of the bigger boys had placed me there, and, to amuse themselves, were making arrows of their quill pens, my poor body being the bull's-eye. I was bearing the reception of these instruments of torture as well as possible when suddenly the tutor's step was heard in the corridor. There was no time to take me down, and the curtains were hurriedly drawn together by, I think, Whittingstall, now Major Whittingstall, very well known in coaching circles. Cooksley, the

tutor, entered. There was a dead silence.

"He looked round to see if all were present.

"'Where is that wretched Peccator, that miserable sinner Williams?' he thundered. Think of my feelings behind the curtains when he added, 'Pon my word, I'll have the young rascal well whipped in the morning.'

"A small voice was heard to cry, as the owner thereof drew the curtains aside:

"'Please, sir, here I am!'"

"I was lifted down, and the whole room was condemned to the ordinary punishment of a hundred lines."

From Eton Mr. Williams went as a tutor

to Ipswich Grammar School, remaining there two years. Then he went into the South Lincoln Militia. At the opening of the Crimean War he got his hundred men to the line and so got a commission free in the 96th Regiment. From there he passed into the 41st Welsh Regiment, and, upon his corps being ordered to the West Indies, he resigned. "Starring" about the country as an actor was his next move, playing at Manchester, Brighton, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other towns. It was whilst playing at Edinburgh that he met his wife—Louise Keeley, a very gifted woman. She was "starring" at Edinburgh when he arrived, and after the company had finished their week's playing she returned again. Mr. Williams had to remain behind. About ten days after seeing her he proposed, and in six weeks they were married.

"It was on the advice of Serjeant Parry that I went to the bar," he continued. "I paid my 100 guineas, and went into the chambers of Mr. Holl, a well-known barrister, and now a County Court Judge. You know how, after having been called to the bar, I turned my attention to criminal practice.

I think I was successful, for in my first year I made 600 guineas. I was always considered famous at the Bar for my quickness in dealing with cases. As a magistrate to-day I have often disposed of some 70 charges at the Thames Police-court in the morning and 40 summonses in the afternoon.

"I remember once I was conducting a long firm prosecution before the Recorder. There were over a hundred witnesses to examine. I was in the midst of "polishing off" a witness, when I overheard a barrister's clerk say, 'There he goes. He's determined to finish the case to-night. He's

due at Birmingham in the morning. All right! Go it! Archer up!'

"About this time I was a member of a club called 'The Kaffirs.' We used to meet every Saturday afternoon at the Café de l'Europe. Amongst the 'Kaffirs' were such men as Douglas Jerrold, Albert Smith, Keeley, Buckstone, Ben Webster, John Povey, Dion Boucicault and John Brougham—one of the most genial men who ever lived, and, I firmly believe, the author of 'London Assurance.' This was thirty years ago. Rejlander, a well-known photographer in those days, was a member, and it was a set rule of the club that all 'Kaffirs' should be photographed by him.

"I went to him one afternoon. He took me in several positions, when suddenly he turned to me and said, 'You've got the head of a Roman. Here, take off your collar.' I did so. Then he seized the cloth off the table and threw it round me in the form of a toga. I stood for my picture. When it was printed he handed it to me and said, 'You'll never beat that as a modern Cato!'" Mr. Williams handed me the original photograph with his permission to



*From a Photo. by*

"A MODERN CATO."

*[Rejlander.*

reproduce it in these pages.

Mr. Williams tells in his "Leaves of a Life" the sad reason why he had to retire from his labours at the bar; how that whilst in the midst of his speech on behalf of a prisoner he felt his voice going, never actually to return; how that a small piece of flesh was taken from his throat, and after analysis the decision was that he could live only two or three months. An operation alone might save him—an operation rarely successfully performed. But it was successful in his case, his life was saved, but it was questionable if ever he would regain his voice. When asked, one morning,



by Sir James Paget, to try and speak, the first words he said were, "Gentlemen of the jury." After a long rest he subsequently became a metropolitan magistrate. It was on his experience as such that we talked for a long time.

"The position of a magistrate is agreeable enough," he said, "but it is very monotonous, and has its drawbacks. If you happen to be in the East End of London, your day is generally very depressing. Let me give you a day in the life of a magistrate. You arrive at the court at about ten or half-past, and the first thing you have to do is to see lunatics—not a very inspiring beginning to the labours of the day.

"And then commences the ordinary business of the day. The first thing you do is to hear applications, and they are certain to be upon every possible complaint under which the poor suffer. They are of a very miscellaneous character. All the home troubles and wants are poured into the magisterial ear. I conceived the notion shortly after I became a magistrate that it was very unfair that these poor people's troubles should become public property, so I arranged that they should be heard before the ordinary visitors were admitted; and instead of sitting on the seat of Justice, as my colleagues do, I have an armchair brought out into the body of the court, where I give to all the use of my attention in private.

"Some of these applications are very trivial. It was only the other morning I was addressed by an angry mother, accompanied by her little girl, who complained that a boy had assaulted her child. Whilst listening to her, a man stepped up with a boy about the same age as the girl. 'My boy has a complaint, sir. She struck him first. I want a summons.' I asked the boy who struck the first blow. He said, 'She hit me first, sir,' and on questioning the girl she admitted this. I then interrogated her as to what was the cause. She replied, 'He called me names.' 'Well, what did he call you?' I asked. 'He cried out, sir, as loud as he could, "There goes Danger on the Line."' Now I was perfectly stumped as to what was the meaning of 'Danger on the Line,' so asked the mother if she could interpret these mysterious words to me. 'Oh,' she said, 'yes, sir, all the boys say that to my little girl; she suffers very much from cold, and has a very red nose from always rubbing it.'

"I think it was very hard on the poor

little girl's highly-coloured nasal organ, but I told the mother it was six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. They left the Court in a more Christian-like spirit, and I have no doubt that in five minutes the father of the boy and the mother of the girl were having a friendly glass in the nearest public-house. I might mention that there is always a public-house next door or near to a police-court.

"With regard to the East End of London, the people there have great respect for a magistrate, and, as a rule, go away perfectly satisfied with the way in which their case has been dealt with, knowing that though they may often have to suffer, justice has been done.

"Then, after the hearing of these varied applications, and their name is legion, the charges are heard; and at the East End on a Monday and Tuesday, at the Thames and Worship-street police-courts, they are very heavy. You seldom get fewer than thirty or forty cases of drunkenness and disorderlies, and, perhaps, a score more cases of offences arising therefrom. These statistics principally apply to Monday and Tuesday, for as the wages are spent the cases perceptibly diminish. There is no mistake about what is the cause of nearly all the crime of the East End of London. The curse of all is drink, and I must say that the wives are often worse than the husbands. The woman often makes the first start towards breaking up the home whilst the husband is away at work. She forsakes her children and domestic cares for the bar of a ginshop, to drink with a friend, generally another female. There she passes most of the day, and when the greater portion of the husband's earnings, which in most cases is given bountifully, are spent, she goes and goes again to the pawnshop, until at last, in a state of despair, the husband, at the sacrifice of all he has in the world, thinks the publichouse not such a bad place after all, and nine men out of ten go after the wife.

"The next step in this fatal downfall is the East End lodging-house, and when once an honest working-man gets there, then comes the beginning of the end.

"At the conclusion of the charges the remands are taken, and then after a brief interval for luncheon the magistrate hears the summonses for the day. These are very varied. School-board, Excise, Revenue, removals of nuisances, sanitary, assaults, threats, wages, in fact almost every subject

under the sun, and by the time these are exhausted so is the magistrate."

Mr. Montagu Williams has recently accepted the magisterial chair at the Marylebone police-court, in succession to the late Mr. Partridge. Referring to his connection with Worship-street and the Thames police-court, he said:—"I was extremely fond of the East End of London. I admire so much the heroic fortitude with which the poor bear misfortunes, and as I said the other day when leaving them, it was a great wrench for me to go. But under the present system it means one long, long grind of work, and, yielding to the solicitations of friends who take far more interest in me than I do myself, I determined to take a West End Court where the labour is so much lighter. The principal reason for this was that under the present system the leading magistrate of a district never sits out of his own Court; in consequence, as junior magistrate of Worship-street I had to do all the out-door work, and for four months before my change I had been sitting five days, sometimes in three or four different Courts, a week.

"These Courts were situated miles from my house, and miles from one another. There was the Thames at Stepney, Worship-street at Finsbury-square, North London at Dalston, and Clerkenwell at King's-cross. So you can easily imagine the greater part of one's life was spent on the road. Another great drawback is that of one

magistrate hearing one bit of a case, another a second, and a third finishing it.

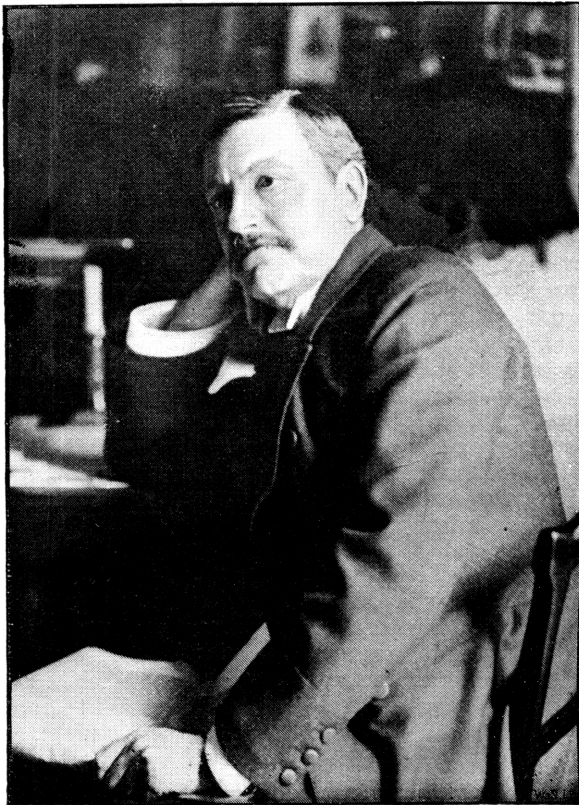
"It has been said that two more magistrates are essential, and I think I can suggest a very easy way to the Treasury to bring this about. It is absurd to think that London in 1891 is the same as in 1821. Districts are changed, some have diminished, others greatly increased. What is needed is the re-carving out of the map of London. It would not involve the expense of the erection of new Courts, old Courts should do as they are. All that would be required would be somebody who thoroughly understands the district, say some magistrate who has sat at all, re-dividing up the boundaries. This seems to me a very economical and simple plan.

"I should just like to say that I take the greatest possible interest in the people of the East End of London. It has been said that the poor there have lost a friend. But such is not the case. If at any period when times are harder than they

are at present, and I think that is a matter of impossibility, they are in need, I should be ready to aid and assist them, not as a magistrate but as a private friend. I intend to keep myself in touch with the missionary of the Court.

"During the three years of my life at the East End my poor-box was the largest in the metropolis, and the friends who helped me during that time will, I am perfectly certain, answer again to any appeal on behalf of the good people of the East End."

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo, by]

MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS.

[Ediott & Fry.

# Fairy Dust

A Story for Children

FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND.



LONG time ago—  
a very long time  
—I was young,  
and often heard  
people complain  
of a troublesome  
little creature who  
made her way in

by the window, after she had  
been driven out at the door.  
She was so light and so tiny  
that she might have been said  
to float rather than to walk, and  
my parents compared her to a  
little fairy. The servants de-  
tested her, and sent her flying  
with their dusting brushes; but  
they had no sooner dislodged  
her from one resting-place than  
she re-appeared at another.

She was always dressed in a slatternly  
trailing grey gown, and a sort of veil which  
the least breath of wind sent whirling about  
her head with its yellowish dishevelled locks.

Seeing her so persecuted made me take  
pity on her, and I willingly allowed her to  
rest herself in my little garden, though she  
oppressed my flowers a great deal. I talked  
with her, but without ever being able to  
draw from her a single word of common  
sense. She wished to touch everything,  
saying she was doing no harm. I got  
scolded for tolerating her, and when I had  
allowed her to come too near me, I was sent  
to wash myself and change my clothes, and  
was even threatened with being called by  
her name.

It was such a bad name that I dreaded it  
greatly. She was so dirty that some said  
she slept on the sweepings of the houses  
and streets; and that that was why she was  
called Fairy Dust.



"IN MY LITTLE GARDEN."

"Why are you so dirty?" I asked  
her, one day, when she wanted to kiss  
me.

"You are a stupid to be afraid of me,"  
she answered, laughingly; "you belong to  
me, and resemble me more than you think.  
But you are a child, the slave of ignorance,  
and I should waste my time by trying to  
make you understand."

"Come," I said, "you seem inclined to  
talk sense at last. Explain to me what you  
have just said."

"I can't talk to you here," she replied.  
"I have too much to say to you, and, as  
soon as I settle down in any part of your  
house I am brushed away with contempt;  
but, if you wish to know who I am, call me  
three times to-night as soon as you fall  
asleep."

That said, she hurried away, uttering a  
hearty laugh, and I seemed to see her  
dissolve into a mist of gold, reddened by  
the setting sun.

When I was in bed that night I thought of her just as I was going to sleep.

"I've dreamed all that," I said to myself, "or else that little old creature is a mad

At the same moment I was transported into an immense garden, in the midst of which stood an enchanted palace, and on the threshold of this marvellous dwelling



THE ENCHANTED PALACE.

thing. How can I possibly call her when I am asleep?"

I fell off to sleep, and presently dreamed that I called her; I am not sure that I did not even call to her aloud, three times, "Fairy Dust! Fairy Dust! Fairy Dust!"

stood awaiting me a lady resplendent with youth and beauty, dressed in magnificent festal clothes.

I flew to her, and she kissed me, saying—"Well, do you recognise Fairy Dust!"  
"No, not in the least, madame,"

answered, "and I think you must be making fun of me."

"I am not making fun of you at all," she replied, "but as you are not able to understand what I say to you, I am going to show you a sight which will appear strange, and which I will make as brief as possible. Follow me!"

She led me into the most beautiful part of her residence. It was a little limpid lake, resembling a green diamond set in a ring of flowers, in which were sporting fish of all hues of orange and cornelian, Chinese amber-coloured carp, black and white swans, exotic ducks decked in jewels, and, at the bottom, pearl and purple shells, bright-coloured aquatic salamanders; in short, a world of living wonders, gliding and plunging above a bed of silvery sand, on which were growing all sorts of water-plants, one more charming than another. Around this vast basin were ranged in several circles a colonnade of porphyry, with alabaster capitals. The entablature was made of the most precious minerals, and almost disappeared under a growth of clematis, jessamine, briony and honeysuckle, amid which a thousand birds made their nests. Roses of all tints and all scents were reflected in the water as well as the porphyry columns and the beautiful statues of Parian marble placed under the arcades. In the midst of the basin a fountain threw a thousand jets of diamonds and pearls.

The bottom of the architectural amphitheatre opened upon flower-beds shaded by giant trees, loaded to their summits with blossoms and fruit, their branches interlaced with trailing vines, forming above the porphyry colonnade a colonnade of verdure and flowers.

There the Fairy made me seat myself with her at the entrance to a grotto, whence there issued a melodious cascade, flowing over fresh moss sparkling with diamond drops of water.

"All that you see there is my work," she said to me; "all that is made of dust. It is by the shaking of my gown in the clouds that I have furnished all the materials of this paradise. My friend Fire, who threw them into the air, has taken them back to re-cook them, to crystallise or compact them, after which my servant Wind took them about with him amid the moisture and electricity of the clouds, and then cast them upon the earth; this wide plain has then arisen from my fecund substance, and rain has made sands and grass of it, after

having made rocks into porphyries, marbles, and metals of all sorts."

I listened without understanding, and I thought that the Fairy was continuing to mystify me. How she could have made the earth out of dust still passes my comprehension; that she could have made marble and granites and other minerals merely by shaking the skirt of her gown, I could not believe. But I did not dare to contradict her, though I turned involuntarily towards her to see whether she was speaking seriously of such an absurdity.

What was my surprise to find she was no longer behind me! but I heard her voice, seemingly coming from under the ground, calling me. At the same time I also passed under ground without being able to resist, and found myself in a terrible place where all was fire and flame. I had heard tell of the infernal region; I thought that was it. Lights, red, blue, green, white, violet—now pale, now swelling, replaced daylight, and, if the sun penetrated to this place, the vapours which arose from the furnace made it wholly invisible.

Formidable sounds, sharp hisses, explosions, claps of thunder, filled this clouded cavern in which I felt myself enclosed. In the midst of all this I perceived little Fairy Dust, who had gone back to her dirty colourless dress. She came and went, working, pushing, piling, clutching, pouring out I know not what acids; in a word, giving herself up to an incomprehensible labour.

"Don't be afraid," she said to me, in a voice that rose above the deafening noises of this Tartarus. "You are here in my laboratory. Don't you know anything about machinery?"

"Nothing at all," I shouted, "and I don't want to learn about it in such a place as this."

"Yes, you wanted to know, and you must resign yourself to me. It is very pleasant to live on the surface of the earth, with flowers, birds, and domesticated animals, to bathe in still waters, to eat nice-tasting fruits, to walk upon carpets of greensward and daisies. You imagined that life has always existed in that way, under such blessed conditions. It is time you should learn something about the beginning of things, and of the power of Fairy Dust, your grandmother, your mother, and your nurse."

As she spoke the little creature made me roll with her into the depths of the abyss,



through devouring flames, frightful explosions, acrid black smoke, metals in fusion, lavas vomiting hideously, and all the terrors of volcanic eruption.

"These are my furnaces," she said, "the underground where my provisions elaborate themselves. You see, it is a good place for a mind disencumbered of the shell called a body. You have left yours in your bed, and your mind alone is with me. So you may touch and clutch primary matter.

You are ignorant of chemistry; you do not yet know of what this matter is made, nor by what mysterious operation what appears here under the aspect of solid bodies come from a gaseous body which has shone in space, first as a nebula and later as a beaming sun. You are a child; I cannot initiate you into the great secrets of creation, and there is a long time yet to be passed before your professors themselves will know them. But I can show you the products of my culinary art. All here is somewhat confused for you. Let us mount a

stage. Hold the ladder, and follow me."

A ladder, of which I could not perceive either the bottom or the top, stood before us. I followed the Fairy, and found myself in darkness, but I then noticed that she herself was wholly luminous and radiant as a torch. I then observed enormous deposits of oozy paste, blocks of whitish crystal and immense waves of black and shining vitreous matter, which the Fairy took up and crumbled between her fingers; then she piled the crystal in little heaps, and mixed all with the moist paste, and placed the whole on what she was pleased to call a gentle fire.

"What dish are you going to make of that?" I asked.

"A dish necessary to your poor little existence," she replied. "I am making granite,—that is to say, with dust I make the hardest and most resisting of stones: it needs that to enclose Cocytus and Phlegethon. I make also various mixtures of the same elements. Here is what is shown to you under barbarous names—gneiss, the

quartzes, the talcs, the micas, *et cetera*. Of all that which comes from my dust, I, later on, make other dusts with new elements, which will then be slates, sand, and gravel. I am skilful and patient; I pulverise unceasingly to reaggregate. Is not flour the basis of all cakes? At the present time I imprison my furnaces, contriving for them some necessary vents, so that they may not burst. We will go above and see what is going on. If you are tired, you may take a nap, for it will take me a little to accomplish what I am going to do."

I lost all consciousness of time,

and when the Fairy waked me:

"You have been sleeping a pretty considerable number of ages!" she said.

"How many, Madame Fairy?"

"You must ask that of your professors," she replied, laughingly. "Let us go on up the ladder."

She made me mount several stages through divers deposits, where I saw her manipulate the rust of metals, of which she made chalk, marl, clay, slate, jasper; and, as I questioned her as to the origin of metals:

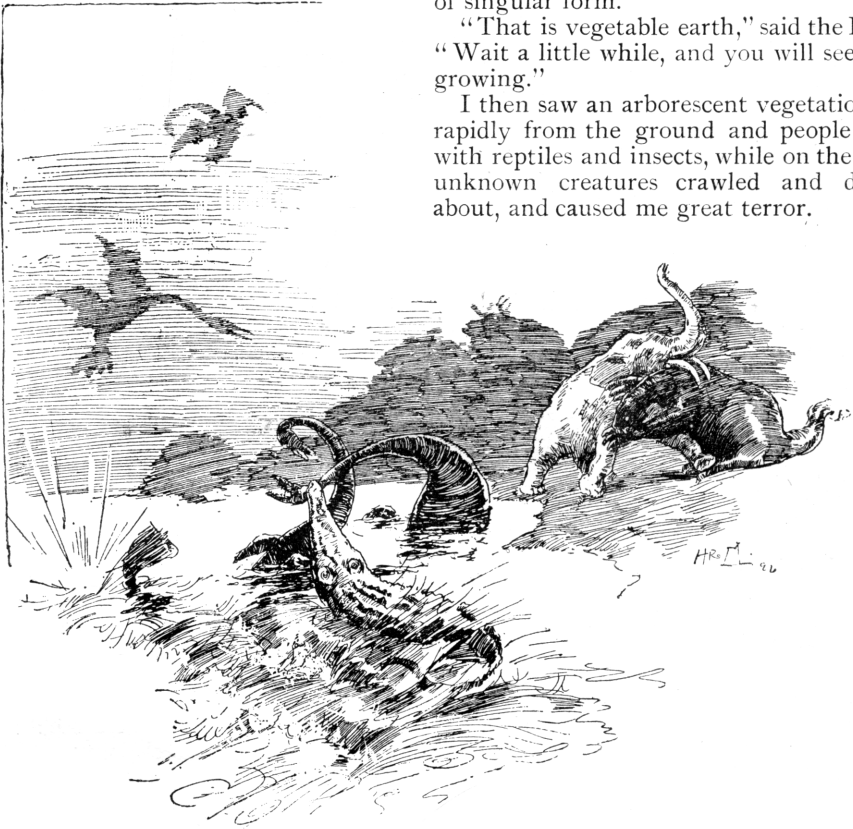
"You want to know a great deal about it," she said. "Your inquirers may explain



"WHAT DISH ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE OF THAT?"

many phenomena by fire and water ; but could they know what was passing between earth and heaven when all my dust, cast by wind from the abyss, has formed solid clouds, which clouds of water have rolled in their stormy whirl, which thunder has penetrated with its mysterious loadstone, and which the stronger winds have thrown upon a terrestrial surface in torrential rains? There is the origin of the first deposits. You are going to witness these marvellous transformations."

We mounted higher, and came to chalks, marbles, and banks of limestone enough to build a city as big as the entire globe.



"A WORLD OF MONSTERS."

And as I was wondering at what she was able to produce "by sifting, agglomerating, metamorphosing, and baking, she said to me:

"All that is nothing ; you are going to see a great deal more than that—you are going to see life, already hatched in the middle of these stones."

She approached a basin wide as a sea, and, plunging her arms into it, drew from it—first, strange plants, then animals, stranger still, which were as yet half plants ; then beings, free and independent of one another, living shells ; then, at last, fish, which she made leap, saying as she did so :

"That's what Dame Dust knows how to produce, when she pleases, at the bottom of water. But there's something better than that. Turn round and look at the shore."

I turned. The calcar and all its components, mixed with flint and clay, had formed on the surface a fine brown and rich dust, out of which had sprung fibrous plants of singular form.

"That is vegetable earth," said the Fairy. "Wait a little while, and you will see trees growing."

I then saw an arborescent vegetation rise rapidly from the ground and people itself with reptiles and insects, while on the shore unknown creatures crawled and darted about, and caused me great terror.

"These animals will not alarm you on the earth of the future," said the Fairy. "They are destined to manure it with their remains. There are not yet any human beings here to fear them."

"Hold !" I cried ; "here is a world of monsters that shock me ! Here is your earth belonging to these devouring crea-

tures who live upon one another. Do you need all these massacres and all these stupidities to make us a muck-heap? I can understand their not being good for anything else, but I can't understand a creation so rich in animated forms to do nothing and to leave nothing worth anything behind it."

"Manure is something, if it is not everything; the conditions it will create will be favourable to different beings who will succeed those on which you are looking."

"And which will disappear in their turn, I know that. I know that creation will go on improving itself up to the creation of Man—at least, that is, I think, what I have been told. But I had not pictured to myself this prodigality of life and destruction, which terrifies me and fills me with repugnance; these hideous forms, these gigantic amphibia, these monstrous crocodiles, and all these crawling or swimming beasts which seem to live only to use their teeth and devour one another."

My indignation highly amused Fairy Dust.

"Matter is matter," she replied, "it is always logical in its operations. The human mind is not—and you have proved it—you who live by eating charming birds, and a crowd of creatures more beautiful and intelligent than these. Have I to teach you that there is no production possible without permanent destruction, and would you like to reverse the order of nature?"

"Yes, I would—I should like that all should go well from the first day. If Nature is a great fairy she might have done without all these abominable experiments, and made a world in which we should all have been angels, living by mind only, in the bosom of an unchangeable and always beautiful creation."

"The great fairy Nature has higher views," replied Dame Dust. "She does not intend to stop at the things of which you know. She is always at work and inventing. For her, for whom there is no such thing as the suspension of life, rest would be death. If things did not change the work of the King of the Genii would be ended, and this king, who is incessant and supreme activity, would end with his work. The world which you see, and to which you will return presently when your vision of the past has faded away, this world of man, which you think is better than that of the ancient animals, this world with which you yet are not satisfied, since you wish to live

eternally in a pure spiritual condition, this poor planet, still in a state of infancy, is destined to transform itself infinitely. The future will make of you all—feeble human creatures that you are—fairies and genii possessing science, reason, and goodness. You have seen what I have shown to you, that these first drafts of life, representing simply instinct, are nearer to you than you are to that which will some day be the reign of mind in the earth which you inhabit. The occupants of that future world will then have the right to despise you, as you now despise the world of the great saurians."

"Oh! if that is so," I replied, "if all that I have seen of the past will make me think the better of the future, let me see more that is new."

"And, above all," said the Fairy, "don't let us too much despise the past, for fear of committing the ingratitude of despising the present. When the great Spirit of life used the materials which furnished it, it did marvels from the first day. Look at the eyes of this monster which your learned men have called the *ichthyosaurus*."

"They are as large as my head, and frighten me."

"They are very superior to yours. They are at once long and short-sighted at will. They see prey at great distances as with a telescope, and when it is quite near, by a simple change of action, they see it perfectly at its true distance without needing spectacles. At that moment of creation nature had but one purpose: to make a thinking animal. It gave to this creature organs marvellously appropriate to its wants. Don't you think it made a very pretty beginning—are you not struck by it? In this way it will proceed from better to better, with all the beings which are to succeed those you now see. Those which appear to you poor, ugly, pitiful, are yet prodigies of adaptation to the place in the midst of which they have manifested themselves."

"And, like the others, they think of nothing but eating!"

"Of what would you have them think? The earth has no wish to be admired. The sky, which exists to-day and for ever, will continue to exist without the aspirations and prayers of tiny living creatures adding anything to the splendour and majesty of its laws. The fairy of your little planet, no doubt, knows the great First Cause; but if she is ordered to make a being who shall

perceive or guess that Cause, it will be in obedience to the law of time—that law of which you can form no idea, because you live too short a space to appreciate its operations. You think those operations slow, yet they are carried on with a bewildering rapidity. I will free your mind from its natural weakness, and show you in rotation the results of innumerable centuries. Look, and don't cavil any more, but profit by my kindness to you."

I felt that the Fairy was right, and I looked, with all my eyes, at the succession of aspects of the earth. I saw the birth and death of vegetables and of animals become more and more vigorous from instinct, and more and more agreeable or imposing in form. In proportion as the ground decked itself with productions more nearly resembling those of our days, the inhabitants of this widespread garden, in which great accidents were incessantly transforming, appeared to become less eager to destroy each other, and more careful of their progeny. I saw them construct dwelling-places for the use of their families, and exhibit attachment for localities, so much so that, from moment to moment, I saw a world fade away, and a new world arise in its place, like the changing of the scenes in a fairy-play.

"Rest awhile," the Fairy said to me, "for, without suspecting it, you have traversed a good many thousands of centuries, and Mr. Man is going to be born when the reign of Mr. Monkey has been completed."

I once more fell asleep, quite overcome by fatigue, and when I awoke I found my-

self in the midst of a grand hall in the palace of the Fairy, who had again become young, beautiful, and splendidly dressed.

"You see all these charming things, and all this charming company?" she said to me. "Well, my child, all that is *dust*! These walls of porphyry and marble are dust, molecules kneaded and roasted to a turn. These buildings of cut stone are the dust of lime or of granite, brought about by the same process. These crystal lustres are fine sand baked by the hands of men in imitation of the work of Nature. These porcelain and china articles are the powder of feldtspar, the kaolin of which the Chinese have taught us the use. These diamonds

in which the dancers are decked is coal-dust crystallised. These pearls are phosphate of lime which the oyster exudes into its shell. Gold and all the metals have no other origin than the assemblage, well heaped, well melted, well heated, and well cooled, of infinitesimal molecules. These beautiful vegetables, these flesh-coloured roses, these stainless lilies, these gardenias which embalm the air, are born of dust which I prepared for them; and these people who dance and smile at the sound of those musical in-

struments, these living creatures *par excellence*, who are called persons, they also—don't be offended—are born of me, and will be returned to me."

As she said that, the hall and the palace disappeared. I found myself with the Fairy in a field of corn. She stooped, and picked up a stone in which there was a shell encrusted.

"There," she said, "in a fossil state is a



"THE FAIRY HAD AGAIN BECOME YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL."

being which I showed you in the earliest ages of life. What is it now?—phosphate of lime. Reducing it to dust, people make manure of it for land that is too flinty. You see, Man is beginning to understand one thing—that the master to study is Nature.”

She crumbled the shell into powder, and scattered it on the cultivated soil, saying :

“This will come back to my kitchen. I spread destruction to make the germ spring. It is so of all dusts, whether they be plants, animals, or persons. They are death, after having been life, and there is nothing sad in it, since, thanks to me, they always begin again to live after having been dead. Farewell ! You greatly admired my ball dress : here is a piece of it, which you may examine at your leisure.”

All disappeared, and, when I opened my eyes, I found myself in my bed. The sun

had risen, and sent a bright ray towards me. I looked for the piece of stuff which the Fairy had put into my hand : it was nothing but a little heap of dust ; but my mind was still under the charm of the dream, and it gave to my senses the power of distinguishing the smallest atom of this dust.

I was filled with wonderment. There was everything in it : air, water, sun, gold, diamonds, ashes, the pollen of flowers, shells, pearls, the dust of butterflies' wings, of thread, of wax, of iron, of wood, and of many microscopic bodies ; but in the midst of this mixture of imperceptible refuse, I saw fermenting I know not what life of undistinguishable beings, that appeared to be trying to fix themselves to something, to hatch or to transform themselves, all confounded in a golden mist, or in the roseate rays of the rising sun.



"SHE STOOPED AND PICKED UP A STONE."



## The Queer Side of Things.

# The Discovery of a Curious Creature.



BY J. F. SULLIVAN.

ὁ ἥρως μὴν ἐν τῷ ὀδῶντι κοιτῶν εὕρισκει.  
*Works of GRAMMARIAN, Book I.*

Mark how th' undaunted hero hastes to tear  
The lurking quarry from its cavernous lair.

*Translation.*



WILL offer no Apology for quoting the above beautiful Words, in View of their notable Aptness to the Subject which I am now to treat.

One Morning lately, as I sat a-musing upon the Worthiness of the good Knight Sir Ogre, who should break in upon me but a certain Fellow of my Acquaintance that has a most acute Nose for the Smelling out of such Things as may be amazing, eccentric, or curious; insomuch so that (seeing his Discoveries have often provided me with the Subject of entertaining Speculations) I hold it in nowise an Impertinence to introduce to my Reader that which this Discoverer introduced to me.

"You shall know," said he, "that I am come to carry you to a Creature of a very curious Interest that I have but now discovered; to wit, a Comic Artist"; whereat I fear me I grimaced upon him with no small Incredulity as on one that would be putting some Plesantry upon me; whereupon (being most hugely diverted) "Zounds!" said he, "out upon your gaping and glaring, for I had as well spoken of the Sea-Serpent."

"Why," said I, "had you done so, I had been as near taking you seriously, seeing one mythological Monster is as likely a Thing as another."

But perceiving that it was the Humour of this Fellow that I should attend him, I set out with him; yet not without first selecting a stout oaken Plant in the Case this Creature should prove of a dangerous or ferocious Disposition; being, if not *fidens animi*, at least *in utrumque paratus*; either *certe occumbere morti*, or to safely "contrive this very Thing"—to wit, the Unearthing of this strange Monster.

I was still casting about in my Mind what Manner of Plesantry my Friend would be making with me; for in no Wise had I ever Conceived that a Being so outrageous



"SELECTING A STOUT OAKEN PLANT."

as your Comic Artist might in Truth exist in the Flesh, being contrary to that proper Orderliness of Things that Nature is ever for observing in her Works.

I had indeed observed at Times a certain perverse Kind of Illustrations that kept Company with Words of a Sort of problematical Humour and inconsiderable Trifling; yet I had been of a Persuasion that this Kind of Art was but an unintentional Lapse of the Draughtsman from the correct Delineation that he would be making.

Judge then of my Surprise when my Acquaintance solemnly assured me that he did but speak in very Seriousness, and that we should presently stand in the Presence of the Creature above-mentioned; at which



"AND RAPPED UPON A GRIMY DOOR."

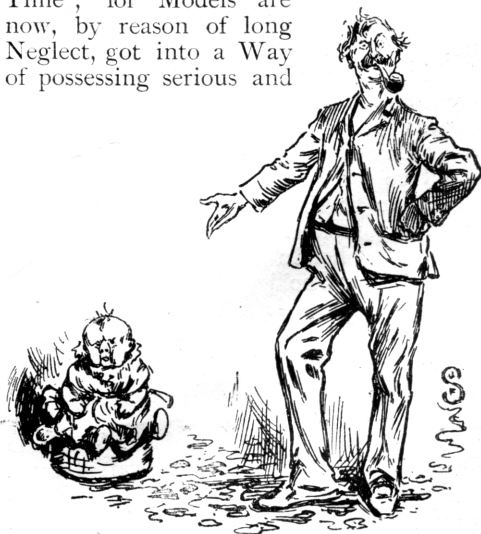
I made much Haste to tuck up the Skirts of my Coat and to prepare myself how best I might for this Encounter; "for," thought I, "if this be truly no actual strange Beast like to set upon us savagely, yet at the least it must be some Outcast which it were well not to touch!"

We now mounted several Flights of creaky Stairs and rapped upon a grimy Door, whereat I had like to turn Tail and run away, had not my Friend detained me; and, the Door being at this Time thrown open, I was for the Moment reassured at perceiving within no more terrible Being than a Person of most ordinary Aspect; and, on my asking with some Trepidation at what Moment we might look for the Comic Artist, I was told that this was he; whereon I was mightily comforted.

I was now plunged in a great Amazement by my Reflections, among these being how this curious Creature should possess the Means of a Subsistence, seeing that as it was not to be lightly credited that any should pay him Wages for his Trick of Buffoonery, neither was it to be expected that he should be of an Aspect like to an ordinary Person, nor eat the same Food; while here he was smoking a Pipe, and that in so ordinary a Manner that none might distinguish him from a Human Being!

"I would have you know," said he, "that I am possessed by a most huge Desire for the Advancement and Improving of the great Art of which I am an unworthy Practiser; insomuch that, to this End, I have matured a most notable Scheme for an Academy of Comic Art, which I do not" (he added modestly) "propose shall take Precedence over our present Royal Academy, but shall work Side by Side with it upon a Basis of Equality. Among the chiefest Elements of my Academy" (he continued) "there should be a Comic Art Training School (being an Institution which I have touched upon in a recent Article upon this Subject). You must know that this School would be for the right Training as well of the Public, as also of the Artists and their Models, to the End that each Class might be fitted for the nice Conduct and Understanding of this great Art.

"Let us consider, then, the Department for the supply of Comic Models, seeing these are a Thing most urgently needed yet by no means to be obtained at this Time; for Models are now, by reason of long Neglect, got into a Way of possessing serious and



"ONE OF THE MOST PROMISING INFANTS"



"PLEASE, SIR, HERE'S THE MODEL COME."

natural Outlines and an Aspect wanting in those humorous Departures from the natural Construction of the Human Frame which, though indeed in Accordance with serious Draughtsmanship, are ever at Variance with the true Principle and Instinct of Comic Art.

"Let us consider first," he continued, "my training School for Models; for is it not, alas! owing to the Want of these that our Art is presently in so decayed a Condition? I would be choosing my Models from among the most promising Infants that could be hit upon, that is to say, that promised to be of a humorous Aspect; and, by the means of a most ingenious Machinery of my own inventing, I would so encourage in their Persons those Efforts towards Humour which Dame Nature would be for making, as to fit them the more completely to carry out her Intentions. For I hold that, as Nature is often inclined toward a genial Humour and Pleasantry intended for the Delight and Comfort of Mankind; so are her efforts most sadly thwarted by a perverse striving in all Men after a Regularity and Normality of Form which was never intended.

"Therefore, finding an Infant of a notable development of Nose, I would, by the Use of augmentative Ointments, developing Moulds, and other cunning Inventions contrived by myself, so foster the first Effort of Nature that the Infant should, on arriving at Maturity, possess an Organ of a Size equal to its Head, or even of its whole Body. Picture to yourself how well-fitted such a Being would be, as well to fulfil the Requirements of the Comic Artist, as to minister to the Amusement, and therefore greater Happiness, of the Public!

"In Time," he proceeded, "and after a few Generations, my Academy would possess, by reason of this Treatment, a Staff of Models of the most humorous Aspect; some having Heads an hundred times as large as their Trunks (such as are seen in Pantomimes); and some being quite Flat, like a Sheet of Paper; while

others would have developed most comical Tails, Web-Foots, Ears that resembled Wings, and many other most humorous Appendages.

"Nor would I confine my Attentions to the human Frame; for, even as Nature has purposed that a certain Vein of genial Pleasantry shall run through all her Works, equally I would strive to assist her in this her Intent by the extending of my Scheme to the Beasts, Birds, and Fishes, and to Landscape; so that I would have most laughable Lions and Griffins, having Tails that should develop into Scrolls and fantastic Leaves, such as are presently limned by the Heralds' College; which indeed is, in a fashion, a School of Comic Art itself, save that it does not go far enough in its carrying out of Nature's Plan.

"I am in truth of an earnest Opinion that a Menagerie filled with such Beasts as I have suggested would infuse into the Public a very intense overpowering Interest; even

as it would in like Wise help in the restoring of that national Merriment and Hilarity which have been undermined and destroyed by long Continuance of our dismal Climate.



FELIS LEO HERALDICUS IN HIS NATIVE JUNGLE.

"As touching that Department of my Academy which should deal with the Education of the Public in the true Appreciation of Humour, I am of a very hopeful Persuasion, in that I hold it but necessary to shut them out from all Sight and Knowledge of our aforesaid dismal Climate, at the same time bringing them in familiar Contact with the Productions of our School, to bring about the desired End."

Having finished in his addressing to us this Discourse, the worthy Man was at some Pains to persuade us to drop a few Coppers into an old Hat which he kept by him for the Reception of Subscriptions towards the Cost of starting his projected Scheme; whereat we, being in too great Haste to plead a sudden Engagement elsewhere, and making hurriedly for the Stairs, by great good Fortune escaped a headlong Tumble, and so pell-mell into the Street.

I fell, in my Walk Home, into a profound exhaustive Speculation upon the Scheme of this ingenious Fellow; in the Outcome of which I became of a most pronounced Conviction that great Detriment would accrue to the Nation if it should be carried out; for it seemed to me that the Appreciation of Humour must involve so huge and radical a Change in the mental Constitution of my Countrymen as would be like to seriously endanger the Stability of the Constitution.

With a Purpose of establishing or rectifying this my Surmise for the satisfying of myself, I presently propounded to a



THE COMIC MODEL SITTING.

Fellow-Countrymen that happened to pass by the following Queries :—

"Do you perceive the Humour of rendering Necessaries more costly by means of Strikes?—the subtle Absurdity of being at so great Pains to provide a healthy Atmosphere for those that make chaotic Laws at St. Stephen's, while suffocating and freezing the Judges that try to decipher them in the High Courts?—the Mirth-provoking Pleasantry of permitting Billingsgate to



THE COMIC MODEL, HIS SON, AND DOG TRUDGING TO WORK.

deprive London of Fish?—the grotesque Insanity of our wild Rush of Juggernaut Fire-Engines through crowded Streets?—the hilarious Jocosity of a Coinage with its Values unindicated upon it?—in short, the Comicality of most of your Institutions?"

When I had made an End, the Fellow-Countryman fell to shaking his Head

hopelessly; by Reason of which I am most firmly convinced that I need have no Manner of Misgiving on the Score of the great Change I have alluded to; seeing that the Change is too great to be anyway brought about.

With which most comforting Reflection I shall beg Leave to close the present Speculation.

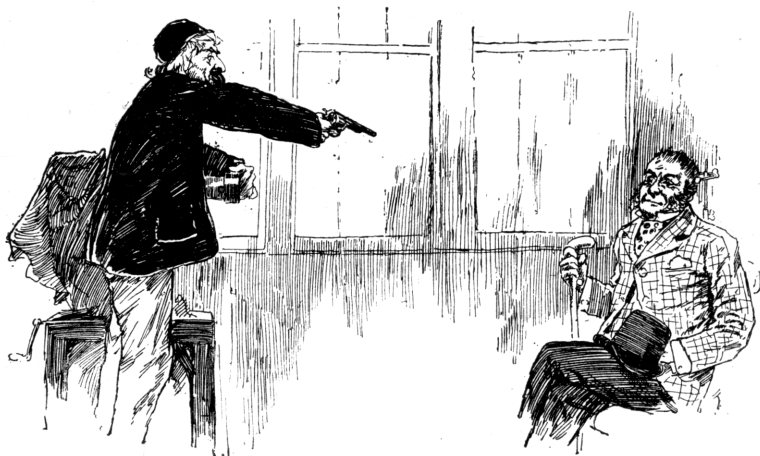


"DO YOU PERCEIVE THE HUMOUR?"

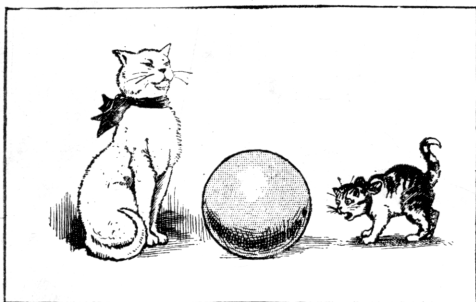




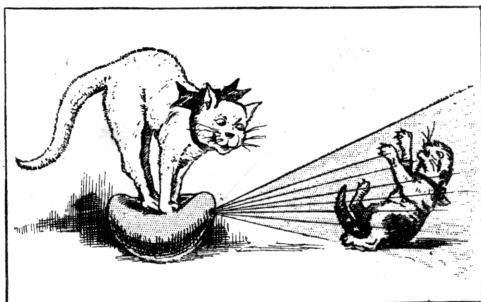
PORTRAIT SIGNATURES.



PHOTOGRAPHER (FRESH FROM THE FAR WEST): "MY REPUTATION IS AT STAKE. JUST LOOK PLEASANT, OR——"



"WHAT IS INSIDE, MOTHER?"



"WIND, MY SON, WIND!"



HE THINKS HE HAS GOT THE COW.



AN HOUR AFTER: HE THINKS THE COW HAS GOT HIM.